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HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

*From a Photograph in 1895, by the Queen's Photographers, MESSRS. HUGHES & MULLINS, Ryde.
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THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE:

"I WILL BE GOOD"

AND

Her "Doubly Royal" Reign:

A GIFT FOR "THE QUEEN'S YEAR"

BY

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EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE" AND "HOME WORDS," AUTHOR OF "ENGLAND'S ROYAL HOME," ETC.

"I see I am nearer the throne than I thought. Now, many a child would boast: but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendour, but there is more responsibility.' And the Princess gave me her hand, saying, 'I will be good,'"—*Baroness Lehzen, the Queen's Governess*

"Cottage home and courtly hall may borrow
The jewel of example from their Queen,
To throw a radiance round their own fireside."

Canon Wilton

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIFTH THOUSAND

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A *LITTLE Island in the Northern Sea*
Cries to her utmost shores, "Rejoice with me!"
A Sovereign's glad, imperial decree
Calls with a clarion tongue, "Rejoice with me!"

The mighty beat of England's generous heart
To furthest shores in proudest thrill pulsates;
At every call her myriad peoples start
To heed her bidding at their thousand gates.

Still beat, O mighty heart, with gracious will;
Still reign, sweet Queen, enthroned upon the seas!

CLARA THWAITES.

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Preface



THE good Earl of Shaftesbury once said :
“ Domestic life, by the all-merciful Providence of God, is the refuge and stronghold of morality : the honour, dignity, and mainstay of nations.” How well this great truth has been understood in “ England’s Royal Home ” we need not say.

The Queen’s household has been—what every palace should be—a model home. Before the shadow of a life-long sorrow fell upon it, the Laureate might have written the testimony which later on fell from his pen :—

“ Her court was pure, her life serene :
God gave her peace, her land reposed.
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen.”

And the example has been even doubly beautiful when, from the retirement of her sorrow, the Queen has so constantly evidenced her appreciation of this

noble and happy home-life among her subjects. Graceful and considerate acts of thoughtfulness and tender sympathy have done more to endear the Sovereign to her people than any of those great achievements which are commemorated in history, and these acts will cause it to be said of her in distant years, "She wrought her people lasting good."

No wonder then that English loyalty never needs a stimulant. We are not, it is true, given to triumphal processions and costly display ; our Continental neighbours excel us here. But "Still waters run deep," and true loyalty, like true affection, can never be estimated by the mere surface current. What Englishmen think of their Queen will find expression—and *unexampled* expression too—in the acclamations that will greet her, as the token of national joy and thankfulness, at the coming celebration of the completion of the sixtieth year of her Right Royal Reign.

"The Queen's Resolve" is specially dedicated to Young England, looking forward ; but it may also interest Old England, looking back. The writer can well remember the boundless enthusiasm which welcomed to the nation's heart "Our Bonny Young Queen," and now everybody is thinking of the Sixtieth Year of Queen Victoria's Reign. From every loyal heart, old and young, the wide world round—for the sun never sets on the Queen's Empire—the one universal greeting is "God bless the Queen ! Long live the Queen !"

May the thought of England's GOD ever be thus associated with thankfulness for England's Queen. During the past sixty years many tokens of a gracious Providence have indicated how truly God honours the nation that honours Him. With much to humble us in the mistakes and inconsistencies of State policy, and the prevailing sins of the nation, it has ever been true of England, "This people has the courage and the good sense not to disown either its history, its past, its Government, or its God." * In times of national sorrow and anxiety God has been with us, and we do well to recognise the Hand that spares and blesses in our hours of joy. We have seen a God to help, and therefore we can see a God to thank. Truly, as a nation, "the lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places, yea, we have a goodly heritage." Our island home, our fruitful seasons, our wise and wholesome laws, security of person and property—enabling each to sit "under his own vine and under his own fig-tree," none being able to "make us afraid"; our open Bible—"the secret of England's greatness"; our Rest Day, our means of grace—what nation indeed can for one moment compare with ours?

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land'?"

* A remarkable utterance in a Paris Journal, *La France*, struck by the spectacle of national prayer witnessed on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's dangerous illness. The journal added, "Such a spectacle affects us greatly, and we look around with bitterness." France indeed has afforded a painful contrast.

At any rate, let us all say it in the Queen's Year: and as we say it, remember how much of our national prosperity we may assuredly trace to the queenly example and influence of one who in her earliest years resolved, "I will be good," and reminded herself, as she thought of the coming crown, "There will be much splendour, but more responsibility!" Never did earthly monarch give utterance to a nobler sentiment.

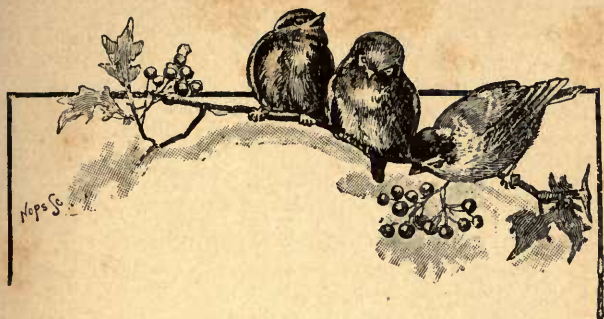
Let us praise God then for England as our native land, and for England's Queen, and let us do it in our homes. The most sacred spot on earth is the Home. Let *thanksgiving* and *thanksgiving* begin there. Let there be praise as well as prayer in every home, and then show piety abroad. It has been the Queen's Home Life that has endeared her to her people. How truly—

"Cottage home and courtly hall may borrow
The jewel of example from their Queen,
To throw a radiance round their own fireside."

Eastbourne.

C. B.





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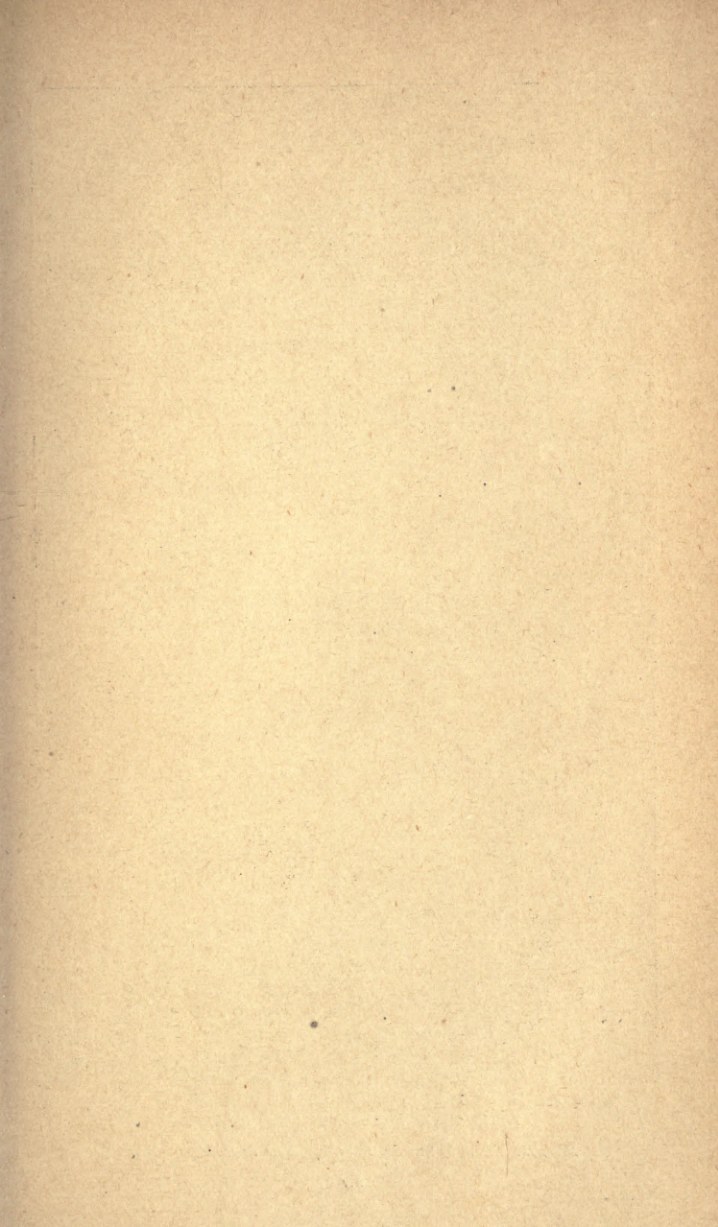
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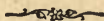
THE PRINCESS VICTORIA AT THE AGE OF TWO,
AND THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

From the Picture by SIR W. BEECHEY, now in Windsor Castle.

Victoriana.

THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE:

"I Will Be Good."



CHAPTER I.

A RIGHT ROYAL REIGN.

Personal and National.—Retrospect.—“Our Bonnie Young Queen!”
—“A Queen of Many Prayers.”—The First Council.—A Bright
Example.—The Crown and the Bible.



THE Queen and her subjects are of one heart and one mind. The Queen has occupied the throne with dignity and wisdom, both in youth and age, and she has won the hearts of all her people, because, while never forgetting that she is a Queen, she has allowed them to see that she is also a true-hearted woman.

The celebration of the longest reign in English history is therefore truly a personal as well as a national event. Deep interest is stirred in all hearts by the recollection of the vast series of changes, religious, intellectual, moral, political, and material, in the affairs of the empire during the last sixty years; but the national mind is mainly engaged and interested in the story of the Queen's own life.

When the present reign began the last vestiges of negro slavery had not disappeared from under the British flag, and

that "domestic institution" was only coming to its supremacy in other lands. Where is it to-day? It is dead wherever the English tongue is spoken. It is dying the world over. The penny postage was then unknown, and Rowland Hill had hard work to keep himself from being scouted as a planless dreamer. Railways were scarcely known, and it had been but very recently before "demonstrated" that a steamboat could not cross the Atlantic. Gold had been discovered neither in California nor Australia, and the wondrous appliances of electricity, which are now taken as mere matters of course, were then undreamed of.

During these years in which Victoria has been reigning so securely and so happily, France has been successively a constitutional monarchy, a republic, an empire, and again a republic. Germany, Spain, and Italy have passed through the throes of revolution. Almost every throne of Europe has tottered to its fall. The boundaries of almost every country on the face of the earth have been changed. Men and women have risen into notice, have had their day of celebrity and triumph, and have then disappeared. But throughout all these changes, so various and so memorable, Queen Victoria has remained the central, the most prominent, and permanent figure, gathering to her, as the years passed by, more and more of the loyalty and affection of the people over whom she rules, as well as of the cordial admiration and heartfelt sympathy of the greatest, the wisest, and the best of every country under heaven.

The Queen has now occupied the throne of this mighty empire, "upon which the sun never sets," for a period exceeding that of any reign in the long line of English sovereigns. Henry III. occupied the throne for fifty-six years; Edward III. for half a century; and George III. fifty-nine years. Queen Elizabeth reigned for forty-five years.

Long life has hitherto been the lot of the House of Hanover. When George I. died he was sixty-seven;

George II. was seventy-seven ; George III. was eighty-two ; George IV. was sixty-eight ; William IV. was seventy-two. Queen Victoria is in her seventy-seventh year. Every loyal heart will pray that she may still be long spared to reign over us, and that God may "crown her eventide with rays of heavenly light."

It is impossible for those who were not living sixty years ago adequately to appreciate the grateful enthusiasm with which the Queen's Accession was welcomed by the nation. "Our Bonnie Young Queen" was in every heart, and on every lip. From her birth she had been, in a true sense, "the hope of England." After the deeply lamented death of the beloved Princess Charlotte, the prospect of a semi-foreign sovereign did not appear very distant ; and succeeding events increased the national anxiety. Happily Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, formed an alliance in 1818 with Victoria Mary Louisa, widow of the Prince of Leiningen, and on May 24th, 1819 (the birthday of her grandfather, George III.), Victoria, their only child, was born at Kensington Palace—

"Fair scion of Brunswick, sweet blossom of May!"

The death of the Duke of Kent, on the 23rd of January, 1820, called forth the deepest feelings of national sympathy, and intensified the interest with which the advancing years of the Princess were loyally and affectionately watched. At length the call to the throne placed the youthful sovereign in the position she had so truly described to her governess, the Baroness Lehzen, as one of "much splendour," but "more responsibility." It was indeed a severe test of character to be placed on such an eminence. The perils of prosperity are greater than those of adversity : and the blossoms of hope have too often been withered by courtly influence and adulation, more blighting to the virtues of the Christian life than the nipping blasts of trial or even poverty.

It was well said at the time, that our beloved Queen was

“a Queen of many prayers”; and truly these prayers have been abundantly answered. Prayer was her own first request to the Archbishop who announced her accession. Her first words at her first Council spoke of the “awful responsibility, which would utterly oppress me, were I not sustained by the hope that Divine Providence, which has called me to this work, will give me strength for the performance of it.” Her bearing and demeanour on this momentous occasion won all hearts. “‘There was no man present,” said Sir Robert Peel, “who did not feel a confident expectation that she who could so demean herself was destined to a reign of happiness for her people, and glory for herself. ‘There is something which art cannot make and which lessons cannot teach: and there was a becoming and dignified modesty in all her motions, which could only be dictated by a high and generous nature.” In similar words the Archbishop of Canterbury touchingly observed: “Every gesture and every look of our young Queen are full of goodly promise; and when we behold the tree so rich in the fair blossoms of spring, why should we doubt that it will produce abundant and valuable fruit in its maturity?”

All the members of that first Royal Council, numbering about a hundred, have passed away; but God has spared the Queen: and the great heart of England gives thanks to-day for blessings manifold associated with her happy reign and doubly Royal life.

Happy indeed is the country where mutual confidence and mutual friendship are the recognised ties between the ruler and the subject. It is so in England. In the Queen's own words applied to “*our Princess Alice*,” we may truly say her life has afforded “a bright example of loving tenderness and sympathy, courageous devotion, and self-sacrifice to duty.”

The dignity of the Crown has ever been merged in a spirit of tender regard—that strongest of all bonds of union between monarch and people. We all know that, in

the long history of this renowned kingdom, no better or wiser ruler ever sat upon the throne ; and the world knows that in times past no more gracious Sovereign ever swayed a sceptre, or reigned over the destinies of any people. But English fathers and mothers honour and revere her as head of the Family as well as head of the State—as a noble exemplar of upright living in the Home. Love begets love. The Queen loves the people, and the people love the Queen.

May the Crown of England ever be secure, *because* it rests upon the Bible ; and may the nation truly prosper, *because*, as a nation, it honours HIM by WHOM kings reign, and princes declare justice.

And for our Queen, let it be our National prayer that she may long be spared to reign over us, enthroned in the nation's heart ; that she may be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus ; and that when she is called to put off the crown of earthly sovereigns, she may receive the crown that fadeth not away. Such prayers will bring down blessings—tokens of the Divine favour—which shall prove a never-failing spring of lasting national gratitude and thanksgiving.





PRINCESS VICTORIA, AN EARLY PORTRAIT.

After an Engraving by J. FÖRN.

"The rays of the sun are scorching at the height to which she may one day attain.
May God bless and protect our little darling."— *Page 21.*

CHAPTER II.

THE QUEEN'S EARLY DAYS.

"The Blossom of May."—Providential Escape.—Death of the Duke of Kent.—At the Age of Seven.—Early Glimpses.—Musical Talent.—Economy and Self-Control.—In Kensington Gardens.—A Working Man's Poem.—"Much Splendour, More Responsibility."—Kindness of Heart.—"An English Girl."—Poetical Tributes.—Educational Attainments.—"A Good Queen."



QUEEN VICTORIA, the only child of George III.'s fourth son, the Duke of Kent, was born on May 24th, 1819. Prince Albert was born in August of the same year.

We read in Her Majesty's own journal (June 23rd, 1840), that the Prince, "when he was a child of three years old, was told by his nurse that he should marry the Queen, and that when he first thought of marrying at all, he always thought of her." Side by side with this entry, we may place the simple and touching words in which the Duchess of Coburg wrote to the Duchess of Kent about England's little "blossom of May"—Alexandrina Victoria :—

"The rays of the sun are scorching at the height to which she may one day attain. It is only by the blessing of God that all the fine qualities He has put into her soul can be kept pure and untarnished. May God bless and protect our little darling."

The prayer for protection speedily met with a gracious answer. In the autumn of 1819 the Duchess of Kent and her infant daughter spent some time at Sidmouth, in Devonshire. A few days after their arrival a boy shooting at small birds approached so near the residence of the Royal party that a shot broke the window of the nursery, and passed close to the head of the infant Princess, who was in the arms of the nurse. No harm was done, and the careless boy was freely pardoned upon a promise of desisting from such dangerous sport in future.

But a great sorrow was now at hand. The Duke of Kent, whilst at Sidmouth, caught a severe chill ; severe inflammation set in: and on the morning of Sunday, January 23rd, the fond husband and tender father expired, praying with his last breath for the Divine blessing upon the Duchess and their infant offspring.

Happily the Duchess of Kent, instead of going back to her own country, resolved to remain in England and devote herself to the English education and training of her infant daughter ; and from this period, more than ever, the mother and child were enthroned together in the best affections of a loyal and grateful people.

Perhaps the earliest mention of the Princess Victoria is to be found in a letter written by the illustrious Wilberforce to a friend, equally in her way illustrious—Hannah More. Writing on July 21st, 1820, Wilberforce says: "In consequence of a very civil message from the Duchess of Kent, I waited on her this morning. She received me, with her fine, animated child on the floor by her side, with its playthings, of which I soon became one." When nearly three years old she was thus described by a writer in one of the daily newspapers: "Her Royal Highness is remarkably beautiful, and has a gay and animated countenance. Her complexion is exceedingly fair; her eyes large and expressive, and her cheeks blooming. She bears a very striking

resemblance to her late Royal Father; but the soft beauty and (if I may be allowed the term) the dignity of her infantine countenance, peculiarly reminded me of our late beloved Princess Charlotte."

An interesting passage is also to be found in the second volume of Lord Albemarle's autobiography. Lord Albemarle says: "One of my occupations of a morning, while waiting for the Duke, was to watch from the windows the movements of a bright, pretty little girl, seven years of age. She was in the habit of watering the plants immediately under the window. It was amusing to see how impartially she divided the contents of the watering-pot between the flowers and her own little feet. Her simple but becoming dress contrasted favourably with the gorgeous apparel now worn by the little damsels of the rising generation—a large straw hat and a suit of white cotton—a coloured fichu round the neck was the only ornament she wore. The young lady I am describing was the Princess Victoria, now our gracious Sovereign, whom may God long preserve."

Some interesting glimpses of the Queen, in her earliest years, are given in a volume of anecdotes published nearly fifty years ago, which has been placed in our hands. The sources whence the anecdotes were collected are stated to have been "of the highest character."

The Princess Victoria from the first was full of fun. Bishop Fisher, of Salisbury, was exceedingly fond of her, and delighted to play with her, and dance her in his arms. On one occasion, his lordship's dignity and the gravity of the rest of the party were somewhat discomposed by the unceremonious plunge of both the little hands into the midst of the good bishop's wig, which, it may be supposed, was in some degree the worse for the rough attack. The good-humoured bishop and the merry babe joined heartily in the laugh excited by the mischief of the unconscious little one.

The Princess was always disposed to be friendly. She delighted in riding a favourite donkey, given her by the Duke of York, in Kensington Gardens, and would accost passers-by with, "How do you do?" or "Good morning." If playing on the lawn, and she observed, as sometimes happened, many persons collected round the green railing, she would walk close up to it, and curtsy and kiss her hand to the people, speaking to all who addressed her; and when her nurse led her away, she would again and again slip from her hand and return to renew the mutual greetings between herself and her future subjects.

Hay-making time gave the Princess occupation. She would be seen on the grass every afternoon, with her little rake, fork, and cart, industriously employed in collecting the hay, which she would carry to a little distance, and returning, fill her cart again. One day she had quite tired herself, and at length threw down her rake when the cart was but half loaded. Her governess, who took care even in her recreation to turn every little incident to the benefit of her future character, immediately desired her to finish filling the cart. The Princess replied she was too tired. "But, Princess," said her governess, "you should have thought of that before you began the last load, for you know we never leave anything unfinished." And Her Royal Highness was most judiciously persuaded to complete the work she had begun.

Once, when going on a special visit to the King, she turned to the Duchess of Kent, and naïvely asked, "Oh, mamma, shall I go upon my donkey?" Her donkey, be it remembered, was the present of her beloved uncle, the Duke of York, and her greatest treasure. The King had never seen it, and to visit him on her favourite donkey would be the greatest compliment she could pay him!

When at Ramsgate, running very fast upon the sands, her foot slipped, and she fell. A gentleman who was close at



By permission of Messrs. H. GRAVES & CO., London.
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AT THE AGE OF TEN.
From the picture by WILLIAM FOWLER.

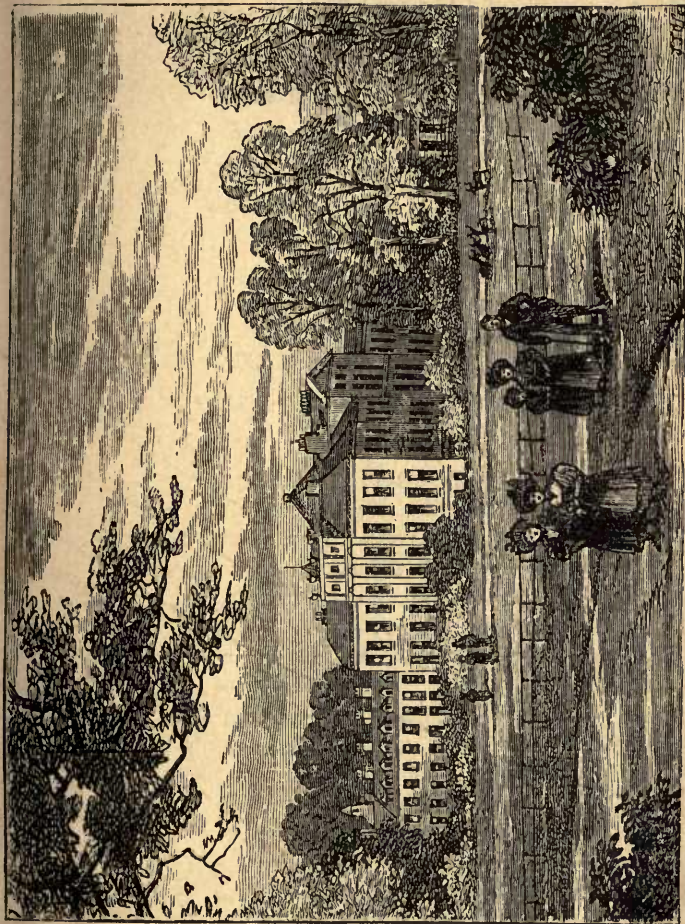
the moment, assisted her to rise. The Princess thanked him most gratefully ; and on his expressing a hope that she was not hurt, she gaily exclaimed, " Oh, no, I am not hurt ; but mamma will say the Princess of England should not be so giddy ! "

Another day, when visiting Sir William Garrow, at Pegwell Bay, the Princess was looking at a fine marble bath in the house, and, losing her balance, fell into it. She was greatly alarmed : but on being extricated, and finding herself once more above ground, her tears and sobs were interrupted by the thoughtful inquiry, " Does mamma know that I am not hurt ? "

Of course the Princess, as a high-spirited child, had a will of her own ; but she tried to keep it in check. Being slightly unwell, the physician in attendance had prescribed some medicine. The Princess, however, refused to take it, and her ladies informed the doctor. Upon hearing it he gravely said, " As that is the case I must discontinue my visits, as they are altogether useless unless Her Royal Highness will conform to my rules as to her health." The Princess, who was fond of the doctor and partial to his visits, made no reply, but was apparently busied in considering the subject. At length he rose to depart, when in the most earnest manner she petitioned him to return, saying, " Do pray, doctor, come and see me again ; indeed I will take my medicine properly in future." The request was, of course, readily complied with, and the Royal promise was not forgotten.

The Princess displayed very early musical taste and talent. We are told that she sang " God save the King " most sweetly for the gratification of her Royal relatives, assembled at Marlborough House in her honour, on the day that she completed her sixth year ; and at the age of nine she could play the piano with considerable skill.

Economy and self-control were early lessons taught her.



KENSINGTON PALACE, WHERE THE QUEEN WAS BORN. AS IT APPEARED IN 1840.

On one occasion it became known at Tunbridge Wells that the Princess had been unable to buy a box at the bazaar because she had spent her money. At this bazaar she had bought presents for almost all her relations, and had laid out her last shilling, when she remembered one cousin more, and saw a box, for half a crown, which would suit him. The shop people, of course, placed the box with the other purchases, but the little lady's governess admonished them by saying, "No; you see the Princess has not got the money; therefore, of course, she cannot have the box." This being perceived, the next offer was to lay by the box till it could be purchased, and the answer was, "Oh, well, if you will be so good as to do that." On quarter-day, before seven in the morning, the Princess appeared on her donkey to claim her purchase.

A word-picture of the Princess Victoria at about the age of nine, drawn by the pen of Charles Knight, who did very much to help forward the education of the people at that time by his numerous publications, is charmingly interesting. It well expresses the national interest which centred from the first upon the youthful Princess. In his *Passages of a Working Life*, he says:—

"In the early morning, when the sun was scarcely high enough to have dried up the dews of Kensington's green alleys, as I passed along the broad central walk, I saw a group on the lawn before the palace, which, to my mind, was a vision of exquisite loveliness.

"The Duchess of Kent, and her daughter, whose years then numbered nine, are breakfasting in the open air—a single page attending upon them at a respectful distance—the matron looking on with eyes of love, whilst the 'fair, soft English face' is bright with smiles. The world of fashion is not yet astir. Clerks and mechanics, passing onward to their occupation, are few; and they exhibit nothing of that vulgar curiosity which I think is more

commonly found in the class of the merely rich than in the ranks below them in the world's estimation.

"What a beautiful characteristic it seemed to me of the training of this Royal girl, that she should not have been taught to shrink from the public eye—that she should not have been burdened with a premature conception of her probable high destiny—that she should enjoy the freedom and simplicity of a child's nature—that she should not be restrained when she starts up from the breakfast-table and runs to gather a flower in the adjoining parterre—that her merry laugh should be as fearless as the notes of the thrush in the groves around her !

"I passed on and blessed her; and I thank God that I have lived to see the golden fruits of such training."

A correspondent of *The News* sends the following verses, with an interesting reminiscence of the Princess. He says: "The writer of the verses was a working man—a shoemaker—of Dover. He gave me a copy of the volume of his original essays and poems which contained them, when I was staying at Dover as a boy in 1836. You will see that they are very pensive—perhaps too much so: but they express the feelings of an intelligent, thoughtful man; and, after half a century's experience, they may serve to show what cause for abounding thankfulness we have that the evils of which he was so apprehensive have been averted, while the 'heart's affections' have been so beautifully and illustriously 'revealed.'"

"I MUST not praise thee as I could, fair maid;
Thy sweeten'd features will not let me so;
Thou seem'st so frail, and lovely, that life's shade
Appears best place for flower like thee to grow.
And yet it is not thus—and thou may'st soon
In Girlhood's years be called to Glory's noon.

Happy, or happy not, 'tis all the same,
Or how thy inclinations may induce—

The voice of millions will thy rule proclaim,
And thou must yield, and try the Sceptre's use—
Thy delicate hand must give these proud isles law,
And thy soft accents foreign nations awe.

Oh ! I could feel for thee—sincerely feel !
And wish thou wert not fated to such care,
But had some calm home where thou might'st reveal
The heart's affections to the quiet there !
Then—then indeed I might thee gratulate,
And say thou wert the very loved of fate !

But as it is, I cannot bid the rhyme
Sound high the promise of thy Regal lot,
For oh ! such conduct would, methinks, be crime,
And as the pen would write my fears would blot !
The tendril's in such danger should the storm
Burst loud and savage on its fragile form !

And so, despite what flattery may say,
There, too, is danger on a nation's throne—
Danger to peace—to woman's sweeter sway—
To every bosom-bliss she'd call her own :
The reckless friend or jaundic'd foe may rise,
And risk thy lustre in a people's eyes.

Still, let us hope the best, and wish thee well,
Thou Female Fatherless of Royal line !
Young, innocent, and girded by a spell
That, while it wins our likings, doth combine
These with the homage of our Patriot love,
That turns e'en now to thee, thou gentle-featur'd dove !

About three years later it was thought well that the Princess should be told that by-and-by she would probably be the Queen of England, and this incident our readers will see has supplied us with the title of our Jubilee Memorial, "I WILL BE GOOD." Up to this period nothing definite had been allowed to reach her on this subject. Her governess, afterwards the Baroness Lehzen, in a letter addressed to the Queen herself, tells how this information was given to the young Princess :—

"I said to the Duchess of Kent that your Majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Mr. Davys (the Queen's instructor, afterward Bishop of Peterborough) was gone, the Princess Victoria opened, as usual, the book again, and seeing the additional paper, said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary you should, Princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, madam,' I said. After some moments the Princess resumed: 'Now, many a child would boast; but they don't know the difficulty. *There is much splendour, but there is more responsibility.*' The Princess, having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying: 'I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn Latin. You told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished; but I understand all better now'; and the Princess gave me her hand, repeating, '*I will be good!*'"

The Princess could have said nothing more becoming as a life-motto; and when we read that on the margin of this letter written by her governess, the Queen wrote, "I cried much on learning it," we may well regard the touching incident as no uncertain promise of the position Her Majesty has ever held in the hearts of her loyal and devoted subjects.

In connection with this interesting record, the Rev. C. A. Wilkinson, domestic chaplain to King Ernest of Hanover, thus referred to the later years of the Baroness Lehzen:—

"Her great delight was to receive visits—unhappily, she told me, 'few and far between'—from English travellers; and then she knew she had willing listeners when she went off at score, heart and soul, upon the subject of her Royal pupil, of whom, of course, she had many interesting

anecdotes to tell of the bright promise of her early years, which blossomed afterwards into the model woman, model wife, model mother, and model Queen. One point spoke for itself of Her Majesty's kindness of heart, that, for some time after she was married, after she was a young mother, and with all the pressure of State as well as of domestic affairs, she always found time to write to her old governess every week ; and it was only at the Baroness's own special request that Her Majesty afterwards reduced the correspondence to once a month, which was regularly continued up to the time when I saw the old lady, and, I believe, up to her death, which happened many years afterwards."

The attainments of the Princess certainly reflected great credit on her governess and other instructors, and indicated the possession of unusual ability. On completing her eleventh year, she spoke with fluency several modern European languages : in Latin she was a fair scholar, reading Virgil and Horace ; and in mathematics she had made considerable progress. Her knowledge and understanding of the Bible was also remarkable : and she was now receiving lectures from Professor Amos on the English constitution.

The Queen has always been noted for readiness in reply—the right word at the right time. Dining once in State with King William IV., the King asked, "What tune would you like the band to play during dinner?" "Oh ! Uncle King," replied Her Royal Highness with quickness—"I should like 'God save the King' better than any other tune."

Her French master having once given her an interesting narrative to translate from English into French, the Duchess of Kent desired her, when she had finished her lesson, to thank M. Grandineau for the trouble he had taken. "No, mamma," replied the Princess with assumed dignity ; "M. Grandineau should thank me, for I have taken the trouble to translate the story for him."

The Princess was very quick in acquiring languages ; but although well acquainted with French and German, she would not, as a habit, converse in them. She would reply when urged to do so, with patriotic preference, that "she was a little English girl, and would speak nothing but English."

The young Princess always appeared, both at home and abroad, in a dress of striking neatness. A cambric frock and pelisse, white as the driven snow, and trimmed with a frill of the finest needlework, and a straw bonnet lined with pink or blue, by both of which colours her transparent complexion was shown off to the best advantage, was her most usual summer attire. This was varied in the winter only by the warmer material which the change of atmosphere required. It is a remarkable instance of the plainness and simplicity with which she was educated, affording an example worthy of imitation, that neither curling irons nor papers were permitted to approach her beautiful hair until the Princess had completed her tenth year, up to which period she always wore it merely parted over her ample forehead, without an attempt at artificial ornament.

The musical gifts of the Princess were considerable, and her drawings were exceedingly good, facsimiles being presented to various charitable bazaars. When about thirteen, the Bishops of London (Blomfield) and Lincoln (Kaye), at the request of the Duchess of Kent, examined the Princess's proficiency in her studies. One question asked was, what opinion she had formed of Queen Elizabeth? The Princess immediately replied, "I think that Queen Elizabeth was a very great queen, but I am not quite sure that she was so good a woman." The bishops gave a high testimony to her capacity for learning. Her acuteness was so remarkable, that if fifty persons were assembled in the same room with her, she would have her eye upon each, and notice how each one was employed.

Amongst the many poetical tributes offered to Her Majesty the Queen during her early years, one by Mrs. Maclean, better known as L. E. L., stands decidedly foremost in point of importance and of merit. It was thus flatteringly ushered into notice by a distinguished reviewer of the day :—

“We can imagine the deep and true pleasure of a mind, gradually opening with the promise which is said to attend the development of the Princess Victoria's character, in finding itself warmed and kindled upon a birthday morning by the rich thought, the sweet fancies, and the elevated sentiments which are here gathered into one harmonious offering. If few Princesses have risen into life with happier or fairer prospects, none surely ever had more devoted and affectionate wishes from all ; and to this we may add, with equal certainty, that no one was ever greeted in a lovelier strain of poetry. Here, indeed, is music that may not only make touching and joyful the circumstances of the natal day which called it forth, but be remembered in long after-time, and mingle with the happiest associations of youth. We freely admit that every poet has not such a subject as the Princess Victoria, but we must also own that every princess has not such a minstrel as ‘L. E. L.’”

The beautiful opening of the poem may serve as a specimen of the whole :—

“WHEN has the day the loveliest of its hours?

It is the hour when morn breaks into day,
When dew-drops light the yet unfolded flowers,
And sunshine seems like hope upon its way.

Then soars the lark amid the azure, singing
A Seraph's Song, that is of heaven, not earth ;
Then comes the wind, a fragrant wanderer, bringing
The breath of vales, where violets have birth.

Which of the seasons of the year is fairest ?
That when the spring first blushes into bloom ;



THE QUEEN, WHEN PRINCESS VICTORIA.

From the Picture by RICHARD WESTALL, R.A., Painted in 1830, and now in Windsor Castle.

There is the beauty, earliest and rarest,
When the world warms with colour and perfume.

Then are the meadows filled with pleasant voices,
Earth one bright promise what it is to be ;
Then the green forest in its depth rejoices,
Flowers in the grass, and buds upon the tree.

Then the red rose reveals her future glory,
Breaking the green moss with one crimson trace ;
So dawns the white—while old historic story
Tells how they wreath for England's Royal race.

If thus so fair the spring-time and the morning,
But in the world of leaf and bud ; how fair,
With all their early loveliness adorning,
Still lovelier in our human world, they are !

Youth is around thee, Lady of the ocean,
Ocean that is thy kingdom and thy home,
Where not a heart but kindles with emotion,
Dreaming of honoured years that are to come.

What is the light of morning's rosy breaking,
To the young promise of that Royal mind ?
What are the hopes of sunny springs awaking,
To hopes which in thy future are enshrined ?

Mighty the task, and glorious the fulfilling,
Duties that round thy future hours must be :
The east and west depend upon thy willing,
Mistress art thou wherever rolls the sea."

The concluding stanzas breathe a similar spirit of sweetness :—

"God's blessing be upon thee, Royal Maiden !
And be thy throne heaven's altar here below,
With sweet thanksgiving and with honours laden,
Of moral victories o'er want and woe.

Glorious and happy be thy coming hours,
Young Daughter of old England's Royal line !
As in an angel's pathway spring up flowers,
So may a nation's blessing spring in thine."

Another poem, published in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* for June, 1837, by an unknown author, will also be read with deep interest :—

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS
VICTORIA.

FAIR wert thou when thy mother's eye
Looked on thy smiling infancy,
And, fondly gazing, tried to see
Thy father's image stamped on thee—
Sweet task ! that for the widow's grief
Found in the mother's hope relief.

Fair wert thou as a little child,
When that beloved mother mild
Began to mingle smiles with tears,
And garner hopes for future years,
Till won by thee to thoughts of gladness,
Her spirit was unyoked from sadness.

And fair thy childhood ever grew,
Brightening with graces ever new ;
When growth of person was combined
With growing graces of the mind,
Till all the good and wise approved thee,
And all, who ever knew thee, loved thee.

And fair is thy sweet opening youth,
Signed with the seal of holy truth ;
Thine is a bosom without guile,
Faith claims thy unsuspecting smile :
And virtue calls that heart her own,
Which beats beneath thy virgin zone.

Still fairer, Princess, wise and good,
Shall be thy bloom of womanhood ;
For thou hast chosen Mary's part,
And from the right thou wilt not start ;
To thee thy mind thy kingdom is—
What other sway can equal this ?

Fair darling of the nation ! we
Turn ever conscious eyes to thee,

And on our hearts is set a seal,
E'en to the death, to guard thy weal :
Oh, never may distrustful cloud
Thy presence from thy people shroud.

With glowing hopes our bosoms burn,
Our hearts with eager fondness yearn ;
Millions in thee an interest claim—
Thine is become a household name ;
Shine out, and make thy light be seen,
Our hope, our joy, our future Queen.

With great judgment the Duchess of Kent took special care that the Princess should enjoy opportunities of traveling to different parts of the country, to see places and objects of interest. She also visited famous manufactories, where she learnt something of the nature and action of machinery, as well as something of the lives of those whom it employed. In 1832 Mr. James Strutt, when she visited his Derbyshire cotton mills, took great pains to make the little Princess understand the machinery, showing her a working model, and putting it in action before her, explaining the different parts as they worked, etc. In 1856, when the Queen bestowed a peerage on Mr. Strutt's son, she remembered this, and smilingly mentioned it.

It was on one of these journeys, shortly before the Accession, after the Duchess had received and replied to a civic deputation, the future Queen of Great Britain made her first public speech. It was brief, but thoroughly to the point. She said, with a deep blush and a pretty expression of timidity and diffidence:—"I am very thankful for your kindness ; and my mother has expressed all my feelings."

The Duchess throughout her training ever acted from the highest motives, and sought the highest ends. As popularity advanced, she wisely counselled her daughter : "It is not you, but your future office and rank, which are re-

garded in the country. You must so act as never to bring that office and that rank into disgrace or disrespect."

On one occasion, when the Princess was old enough to understand her, she said :—" I am anxious to bring you up as a good woman, and then you will be a good Queen also."

Could a higher tribute be rendered to Her Majesty than the nation's grateful recognition in the sixtieth year of her reign, that in the fullest sense of the word, she has been

"A GOOD QUEEN" ?



A NATION'S myriad homes in thee
Their sympathising Pattern see ;
For thou hast dignified Home-life
As daughter, mother, friend, and wife :
And round the brow of England's Queen
A fair domestic wreath is seen.

If Windsor's grey historic pile,
Or sea-breeze of soft southern isle,
Call thee ; or heathery banks and braes,
Or the loud city's mighty maze :
Where'er thy Royal footsteps roam,
Castle or palace still is Home.

THE REV. CANON WILTON, M.A.



THE QUEEN ON THE MORNING OF HER ACCESSION,
JUNE 20TH, 1837.

From a Drawing by MISS COSTELLO.

CHAPTER III.

THE CORONATION.

The First Request : "I Ask your Prayers."—"Queen of England."—The First Council.—"Two Hours Alone."—The Proclamation.—"Victoria's Tears."—First Royal Speech.—In Westminster Abbey.—The Coronation Service.—The Bible and the Crown.—Lord Rolle.—"Just like the Queen."—One Touch of Nature.—"There's Dash !"—Coronation Hymn.



KING WILLIAM IV. expired soon after midnight on June 20th, 1837, at Windsor Castle. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with other peers and high functionaries of the kingdom, were in attendance. As soon as the "sceptre had departed" with the last breath of the King, the Archbishop quitted Windsor Castle, and made his way to Kensington Palace, the residence at the time of the Princess, already, by the law of succession, Queen Victoria. He arrived very early, announced himself, and requested an immediate interview with the Princess.

She hastily attired herself, and met the venerable Primate in her ante-room. He informed her of the demise of King William IV., and formally announced to her that she was, in law and right, successor to the deceased monarch.

The sovereignty of the most powerful nation of the earth lay at the feet of a girl of eighteen. She was Queen of the only realm, in fact, of history, "on which the sun never

sets." She was deeply agitated at the "formidable announcement, so fraught with blessings or calamity." The first words she was able to utter were these:—"I ask your prayers in my behalf."

They knelt down together; and Victoria inaugurated her reign, like the young king of Israel in the olden time, by asking from the Most High, who ruleth in the kingdoms of men, "an understanding heart to judge so great a people."

The widowed Queen of William IV. also sent to apprise the Princess of the death of the King. Victoria at once called for paper and wrote a letter of condolence to the widow, now become Queen-Dowager. She addressed it "To the Queen of England."—"Your Majesty, you are Queen of England," said her maid of honour, who had noticed the inscription. "Yes," was the reply; "but the widowed Queen is not to be reminded first of the fact by me."

The scene at the First Council in Kensington Palace was deeply impressive. The Privy Councillors, to the number of about a hundred, having assembled, the Queen entered the grand saloon, accompanied only by the Duke of Sussex. Taking her station at the head of the Council table, "where," said Lord Francis Egerton, "many years since the Sixth Edward, one of the youngest monarchs England ever knew, and to whom we are indebted for our invaluable Liturgy, had also stood," in a voice attuned to sorrow, mastered for a great occasion, and with firm confidence in an over-ruling Providence, Her Majesty read her first address.

"I should," said the youthful Queen, "feel utterly oppressed by the burden imposed upon me, were I not sustained by the hope that Divine Providence, which has called me to this work, will give me strength for the performance of it. . . . I place my firm reliance upon the

candour of Parliament, and upon the loyalty and affection of my people. . . . Educated in England, under the tender and enlightened care of a most affectionate mother, I have learned from my infancy to respect and love the constitution of my native country. It will be my unceasing study to maintain the Reformed Religion, as by law established, securing at the same time to all the full enjoyment of religious liberty ; and I shall steadily protect the rights, and promote, to the utmost of my power, the happiness and welfare of all classes of my subjects."

The simple earnestness of the address came home to the hearts of all ; and as a refreshing exception to the cold, unmeaning style in which State addresses are too often put together, it was generally considered to have been written by the Queen herself.

Sir Robert Peel, in his speech upon the Parliamentary address to the new Sovereign, in a burst of genuine eloquence thus described the demeanour of the Queen on the occasion of this first public act after her Accession :—

"It may perhaps be considered unphilosophical to form a judgment of human character from apparently trifling or unimportant incidents ; but, sir, I will venture to say that there was no man present when Her Majesty, at the age of eighteen years, first stepped from the privacy of domestic life to the discharge of the high functions which on Tuesday last she was first called upon to perform, without entertaining a confident expectation that she who could so demean herself was destined to a reign of happiness for her people and glory for herself. There is something which art cannot make, and which lessons cannot teach ; there was something in her demeanour that could only be suggested by a high and generous nature ; there was an expression of deep regret for the domestic calamity with which she had been visited, of a deep and awful sense of the duties she was called on to discharge ; there was a

becoming and dignified modesty in all her motions, which could only be dictated by a high and generous nature, brought up under the advice of one for whose affection, care, and solicitude she ought to be deeply grateful."

It was doubtless to this same occasion that the Archbishop of Canterbury alluded when he so touchingly observed, "Every gesture and every look of our young Queen are full of goodly promise; and when we behold the tree so rich in the fair blossoms of spring, why should we doubt that it will produce abundant and valuable fruit in its maturity?"

The First Council soon became, as may be easily imagined, a theme for the poet and a subject for the painter. Sir David Wilkie made a representation of it in a large picture, which appeared in the exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1838. Her Majesty appears in the painting, by her own desire, in a simple, unadorned, white dress, instead of a black one which she actually wore, to give a contrast to the sombre habits of the councillors by whom she was surrounded. In a poem written at the time the scene is thus depicted—

"In long array, with solemn looks they stand,
The noblest spirits of a noble land :
All duteous crowd before their Chief to kneel,
And haste their hearts' deep loyalty to seal ;
Upon the regal seat the Maid is seen :
And lo ! that gentle girl is Britain's Queen !
She speaks—attention holds enchained the ear,
And these the gracious accents that I hear—
'Unskilled in wisdom, called by Heaven's command,
Unripe in years, to rule this mighty land,
My spirit trembles at the awful trust—
I feel myself a feeble child of dust :
Yet does my hope in God sustain this heart.
Vain were all strength and wisdom, Him apart :
'Tis by His arm the mightiest monarchs reign,
Nor shall the weakest seek His aid in vain.'



THE QUEEN ON HER CORONATION DAY.

Returning from the First Council to the society of her mother, we are told the young Queen threw herself into a chair, and seemed lost in thought for some minutes on the vast change which had been made in her position. At length, addressing herself to the Duchess of Kent, she said : "I can scarcely believe that I am Queen of England, but I suppose I really am so, and in time I shall become accustomed to my change of character. Meanwhile, since it is really so, and you see as your little daughter the Sovereign of this great country, will you grant her the first request she has had occasion, in her regal capacity, to put to you? I wish, my dear mamma, to be left for two hours alone." The Duchess, of course, complied with the wish ; and it is said that this retirement for private thought became almost a daily habit.

The Proclamation of the Queen took place on the following morning, June 21st, at St. James's Palace. As Her Majesty proceeded through the Park the people poured forth a continuous cry of "Long live the Queen! God bless our youthful Queen!" Arriving at the Palace, precisely at ten o'clock, the Queen appeared at an open window in St. James's Palace, and the multitude broke forth into shouts of greeting and joy. After the Proclamation had been read by the Garter King-at-Arms, the band struck up the National Anthem, the guns in the Park and at the Tower were fired, and the air was rent with the cheers of tens of thousands of voices. The Queen was deeply affected, and turning to her mother, threw her arms about her and wept without restraint. Mrs. Barrett Browning wrote some noble lines upon the incident:—

VICTORIA'S TEARS.

"O MAIDEN, heir of kings,
A King has left his place,
The majesty of Death has swept
All other from his face.

And thou, upon thy Mother's breast,
No longer lean adown—
But take the glory for the rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best.
The Maiden wept ;
She wept to wear a crown.

They decked her courtly halls—
They reined her hundred steeds—
They shouted at her Palace gate,
'A noble Queen succeeds !'
Her name has stirred the mountain's steep,
Her praise has filled the town :
And mourners, God had stricken deep,
Looked hearkening up, and did not weep !
Alone she wept,
Who wept to wear a crown !

She saw no purples shine,
For tears had dimmed her eyes :
She only knew her childhood's flowers
Were happier pageantries !
And while the heralds played their part,
For million shouts to drown—
'God save the Queen' from hill to mart—
She heard through all her beating heart,
And turned and wept :
She wept to wear a crown.

God save thee, weeping Queen !
Thou shalt be well beloved ;
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move
As those pure tears have moved
The nature in thy eyes we see
Which tyrants cannot own,
The love that guardeth liberties.
Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose Sovereign wept,
Yea, wept to wear a crown.

God bless thee, weeping Queen,
With blessing more Divine ;
And fill with better love than earth's
That tender heart of thine ;

That when the throne of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,
A piercèd Hand may give to thee
The crown which angels shout to see.
Thou wilt not weep
To wear that heavenly crown."

The removal to Buckingham Palace, the formation of the Royal Household, and Court ceremonies of various kinds, now absorbed the Queen's attention, till, on July 17th, Her Majesty in person prorogued Parliament. The interest and excitement in the metropolis was intense, and the spectacle brought together immense crowds. The Queen wore a circlet or open crown of diamonds, on which were sprigs of the rose, thistle, and shamrock. Her Majesty evidently felt on this occasion "the great responsibility which had now taken the place of domestic happiness." "Though the cheers of her assembled people continually greeted her on her progress, there was," we are told, "a pensive and anxious sensibility visible in the half-moistened eye and compressed lip of her countenance, and it seemed as if the slightest expression of popular ill-feeling would have been replied to by tears." No such feeling, it need scarcely be said, was possible; "and so the huge coach, with the gold crown on the top of its great golden self, moved on heavily, amidst a sea of applauding and uncovered heads, to the House of Lords."

As Her Majesty entered the House, one who at this moment watched her closely, and with the deepest interest, writes:—"Her countenance was all simplicity, equanimity, kindliness, and good sense. She walked forward firmly and slowly, and, though not tall, with a lively regal port, entirely unaffected. She smiled gently and bowed to those who silently saluted her, and with a quick intelligence in her large pale blue eyes, moved gracefully along. Her features are quite those of our Royal family, and somehow or other

strongly remind us partly of the Princess Charlotte, and partly of King George the Third."

Her Majesty ascended the throne with a firm and composed step, and for several minutes continued standing, graciously regarding all around her. On taking her seat her countenance became slightly flushed, but in a few minutes the natural colour was restored. The turbulent entrance of the Commons at the bar, struggling for precedence, appeared to afford her much amusement. The Royal assent having been given to various Bills, Her Majesty rose and read her first Royal speech to her Parliament. Nothing could have exceeded the accuracy of delivery; every emphatic word was distinctly marked, and especially one paragraph relating to the amelioration of the criminal code, was spoken with an earnestness and energy deeply affecting. Persons in the most distant parts of the House caught every syllable, so clear and so distinct was the Queen's enunciation. The following were three of the most important paragraphs:—

"I am desirous of renewing the assurance of my determination to maintain the Protestant Religion as established by law, to secure to all the free exercise of the rights of conscience, to protect the liberties, and to promote the welfare of all classes of the community.

"I perceive, with satisfaction, that you have brought to maturity some useful measures, amongst which I regard, with peculiar interest, the amendment of the criminal code, and the reduction of the number of capital punishments. I hail this mitigation of the severity of the law as an auspicious commencement of my reign.

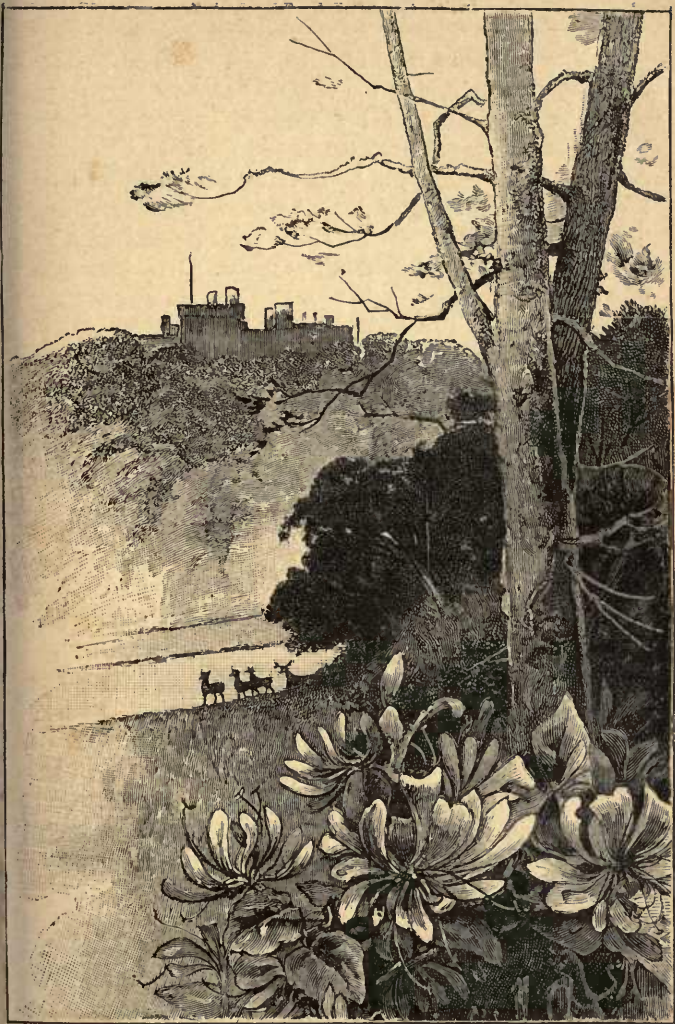
"I ascend the throne under a deep sense of the responsibility which is imposed upon me; but I am supported by the consciousness of my own right intentions, and by my dependence upon the protection of Almighty God."

Numerous and cordial were the eulogiums pronounced on

this the first address to both Houses of Parliament of the youthful Queen—so unaffected, simple, sensible, and dignified. But the strain both on mind and body was proved by the fact that, on returning to the Royal robing-room, she actually fainted, and it was some minutes before the application of proper restoratives was attended with the desired effect. She speedily recovered her spirits, and, as she returned to the Palace, amid the acclamations of thousands and tens of thousands of her loyal subjects, there was a brightness and elasticity in her manner that showed the removal of the heavy anxiety of the State ceremonial she had so ably discharged.

The Coronation of the Queen took place in Westminster Abbey on June 28th, a year after the Proclamation. The joy of the nation had certainly never been exceeded. The scene in the Abbey was deeply impressive.

The Queen walked up the Nave with a firm step, and an air of calm and dignified composure, her countenance plainly indicating how deeply she was impressed with the solemnity of the holy rites which were about to be performed. The interior of the Choir at the moment of Her Majesty's entrance presented a scene of surpassing grandeur and interest, and could not fail to suggest reflections in which every Englishman might well indulge with conscious pride and exultation. The fair young Sovereign of the greatest empire in the world was here to have the solemn sanction of religion given to that crown which had descended to her as her rightful inheritance, with the joyous concurrence of a devoted people; here she was to receive the willing homage of all the nobles of the land, in the presence of the highest especial functionaries of all the courts of Europe, and under the eyes of the representatives of the nation. As the Queen passed up the Choir, a hundred instruments, and more than twice as many voices, rang out their notes at once, and the loud anthem, "I was glad



From a Drawing]

[by W. R. ROBINSON.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

"England's grey historic pile."

when they said unto me," blended with the loyal shouts of the spectators, echoed to the very roof of the Abbey.

At the conclusion of the anthem, the Archbishop of Canterbury advanced, accompanied by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Great Chamberlain, Lord High Constable, and Earl Marshal (Garter King of Arms preceding them) and made the recognition thus :—"Sirs, I here present you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of this realm. Whereof, all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?" The Archbishop and the great officers of State then proceeded to the other three sides—south, west, and north—repeating the question at every side, the Queen meanwhile standing up in her chair, and turning and showing herself to the people on each side as the recognition was made, and the assembled people attesting their joyous loyalty and devotion by loud, simultaneous, and most enthusiastic shouts of

"God Save Queen Victoria."

At the last recognition the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and the band struck up the National Anthem. Her Majesty then resumed her seat, and the great officers their positions near Her Majesty. The bearers of the regalia during the recognition remained standing about the Queen.

The Queen next proceeded to the Communion Table, and kneeling upon the steps, made her first oblation of a table cloth of gold, and an ingot or wedge of gold of a pound weight, which having been delivered to Her Majesty by the Lord Great Chamberlain, kneeling, the Queen handed to the Archbishop, one after another. The Litany was read by the Bishops of Worcester and St. David's, and the Communion Service followed, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Rochester, and the Bishop of Carlisle, taking part. The sermon was preached by the Archbishop of York,

from 2 Chronicles xxxiv. 31, from the words, "And the king stood in his place, and made a covenant before the Lord, to walk after the Lord, and to keep His commandments and His testimonies and His statutes with all his heart and with all his soul, to perform the words of the covenant which are written in this book." After the sermon the Archbishop administered the Oath to the Queen, in which she promised to maintain the law and the established Religion. Her Majesty then went to the Table (the sword of state being carried before her) and said—her right hand placed on the Gospels—"The things which I have here before promised I will perform and keep. So help me God."

After this the Queen sat in King Edward's chair, and four Knights of the Garter held over her a canopy of cloth of gold. The Archbishop anointed her head and hands, and pronounced a blessing upon her. Then the sword of state and other insignia of royalty were handed to Her Majesty: and next followed the putting on of the Crown.* The Arch-

* St. Edward's Crown, with which the monarch is crowned, was made, we are told, for the coronation of Charles II., in imitation, or rather in commemoration, of that which is said to have been worn by Edward the Confessor, and which, under the Commonwealth, was, with the rest of the Regalia, entirely destroyed and broken up. It is a very rich imperial crown of gold, embellished with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and pearls. The cap within is made of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine. The original cap was purple.

It may not be out of place to add a few particulars respecting St. Edward's Chair. It is an ancient seat, of solid, hard wood, with back and sides of the same, variously painted, in which the kings of Scotland were in former periods constantly crowned. Inclosed within its seat is a stone, commonly called Jacob's, or the fatal marble stone, of a steel colour, mixed with some veins of red. Tradition relates that it is the stone whereon the patriarch Jacob laid his head in the plain of Luz. It is also added that it was brought to Brigantia, in the kingdom of Gallicia, in Spain, in which place Gathol, King of Scots, sat on it as his throne. Hence it was conveyed into Ireland by Simon Breach, who was King of Scots, about seven hundred years before Christ; from thence into Scotland by King Fergus, about three hundred and seventy years afterwards; and in the year 850 it was placed in the Abbey of Scone, in the Sheriffdom of Perth, by King Kenneth, who caused it to

bishop, standing before the Table, took the Crown into his hands, and laying it again before him upon the Table, offered prayers. The Queen still sitting in King Edward's chair, the Archbishop left the Table, and, receiving the Crown from the Dean of Westminster, reverently placed it upon the Queen's head.

No sooner had the imperial diadem pressed the royal brow, than peers and peeresses, simultaneously rising, placed their coronets on their heads, the spiritual dignitaries put on their caps, the whole building rang with cheers and cries of "God save the Queen," while salvoes of cannon told the hundreds of thousands collected without the Abbey that Queen Victoria had assumed that Crown, which God grant her long to wear! The scene was proud, thrilling, and magnificent. Her Majesty meanwhile maintained a tolerable degree of calmness: but the acclamations were so reiterated and long-continued that she became at length evidently distressed, and turned her eyes several times inquiringly upon her Royal mother, as though desirous of reading in her countenance whether anything could or should be done to silence them, whilst her whole frame was observed to be shaken by a tremulous emotion.

The Dean of Westminster now took the Bible which was carried in the procession from off the Table, and delivered it to the Archbishop, who presented it to the Queen, saying:—

be inclosed in this wooden chair, and a prophetic verse to be engraved, of which the following is a translation:—

"Should fate not fail, where'er this stone is found,
The Scots shall Monarchs of that realm be crowned."

This antique regal chair having been brought out of Scotland by King Edward I., together with the golden sceptre and crown of Scotland, and solemnly offered by him to St. Edward the Confessor, in the year 1297 (from whence it derives the name of St. Edward's Chair), has ever since been kept in Westminster Abbey, in a chapel called by his name, and has been the Royal Chair in which all the succeeding kings and queens of this realm have been inaugurated. (*See page 58.*)

“Our Gracious Queen,—We present you with this Book, the most valuable thing that this world affords. Here is wisdom ; this is the Royal Law ; these are the lively Oracles of God. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this Book, that keep and do the things contained in it. For these are the words of eternal life, able to make you wise and happy in this world ; nay, wise unto salvation, and so happy for evermore, through faith which is in Christ Jesus, to whom be glory for ever. Amen.”

And now the Queen, having been thus anointed and crowned, and having received all the ensigns of Royalty, the Archbishop solemnly blessed Her Majesty ; all the bishops, with the rest of the peers, following every part of the benediction with a loud and hearty Amen. The choir then sang the *Te Deum*, after which the Sovereign was “lifted,” or enthroned, from St. Edward’s chair, into the chair of homage.

The Queen then received the homage of the Archbishop, the Royal Princes, and the peers. Mr. Greville, in his narrative, tells a characteristic story of the Queen’s kindly thought during this part of the Coronation Service. “Lord Rolle, who is between eighty and ninety, fell down as he was getting up the steps of the throne. Her first impulse was to rise ; and when afterwards he came again to do homage, she said, ‘May I not get up and meet him?’ and then rose from the throne and advanced down one or two of the steps to prevent his coming up—an act of graciousness and kindness which made a great sensation.” However unusual this Royal consideration at a Coronation may be, we can only say, “It was just like the Queen.”

During the ceremony of homage the duty of throwing about the Coronation medals devolved upon the Earl of Surrey, and he flung them around in every direction with a profuse hand. It was highly amusing to see the impatient avidity with which some of the gravest and most staid

characters in the land entered into a general scramble to catch them. When the homage was ended, the drums beat, the trumpets sounded, and all the people shouted—

“God Save Queen Victoria.”

“Long Live Queen Victoria.”

“May the Queen Live for Ever,”

The solemnity of the Coronation being thus ended, the administration of the Holy Communion followed. The ceremonial ended at half-past three, when the procession was re-formed and returned from the Abbey to Buckingham Palace in the same order as that in which it arrived, and our anointed Sovereign was received with, if possible, still more ardent testimonies of rejoicing; indeed, the sight of the Crown, which so well became her fair and open brow, seemed to inspire the accumulated thousands with new stores of loyalty and love.

“The sceptre in a maiden-hand,
The reign of beauty and of youth,
Awake to gladness all the land,
And love is loyalty and truth.”

J. Montgomery.

As an instance of self-possession and kindly consideration at a time of almost unexampled excitement and anxiety, it is stated that during the procession, when near the Horse Guards, Her Majesty suddenly bent forward with a slightly-flushed face and half-angry expression. Calling her Master of the Horse to her she pointed out to him some policemen who were using their truncheons to keep back the people. He at once rode off to check them, and tell the nearest inspector to pass an order stating that it was the Queen's special desire that all violence should be avoided.

The Queen was naturally much exhausted by the prolonged service. But on her return to the palace, hearing her favourite little spaniel barking with joy in the hall, she

exclaimed, "There's Dash!" and was in a hurry to lay aside the sceptre and orb she carried in her hands, and take off the crown and robes, to go and meet little Dash. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Few, comparatively, can now recall the eventful Coronation Day of Queen Victoria, but the impressiveness of the pageant consisted mainly in this—that it was a national recognition of the felt need, both of Sovereign and people, of that Divine guidance and blessing, without which there can be no true prosperity for one or the other.

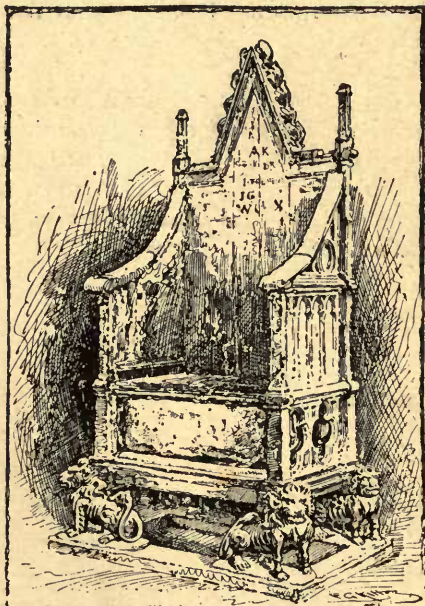
That recognition was, at the time, devoutly and loyally expressed in a hymn written by the gifted and gentle-spirited Henry F. Lyte, for the sailors and fishermen of his parish of Brixham, in South Devon. It was sung at the close of a service held in their parish church on the Coronation Day: and though we must now change one word in the opening verse, and read *honoured* for "youthful," we feel we could not, in the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign, find a more touching utterance for that loyalty of prayerful hearts which has ever been the strength of her throne, and the best and only pledge we could have of "the righteousness which exalteth a nation."

"Lord, Thy best blessings shed
On our Queen's *honoured* head;
Round her abide.
Teach her Thy holy will,
Shield her from every ill,
Guard, guide, and speed her still,
Safe to Thy side.

Grant her, O Lord, to be
Wise, just, and good like Thee—
Blessing and blest.
With every virtue crowned,
Honoured by nations round,
'Midst earthly monarchs toun'd
Greatest and Best.

Long let her people share
Here her maternal care ;
 Long 'neath her smile
May every good increase,
May every evil cease,
And freedom, health, and peace
 Dance round our isle.

Under Thy mighty wings
Keep her, O King of kings !
 Answer her prayer.
Till she shall hence remove,
Up to Thy courts above,
To dwell in light and love,
 Evermore there."



Coronation Chair

"QUEEN! MORE THAN QUEEN!"

QUEEN! more than Queen! Lady of tenderest heart,
Gracious as great! Called to that glorious part,
To rule o'er half the Earth and all the Sea,
Imperial mistress of the brave and free.
Thou with such homage hast not been content
As loyal souls to kingly worth present;
But in thy natural goodness, scorning pride,
The fountains of thy love hast opened wide
To all thy people, making still thine own
Such joys, such sorrows, as thyself hast known.
So hast thou won thy people's hearts; they see
Wife, Mother, Friend, not Queen alone, in thee!

THE LATE EARL SEIBORNE.




THE QUEEN ON HER WEDDING DAY.

After a Picture by DRUMMOND.

CHAPTER IV.

HOME LIFE.

The Coming Marriage.—“Proposing to Prince Albert.”—The Wedding.—“Uncrowned Womanhood” the “Royal Thing.”—“The Blessings Happy Peasants have.”—Wisdom of the Prince Consort.—Birth of the Princess Royal.—The Prince’s Care and Affection.

WO years after the Queen’s Coronation the great Dover Road was thronged with spectators, for railways were yet in their infancy. The fair lady who wore the crown of these realms was about to share so much of its burden as was permitted to her with a young German Prince of the Protestant line of Saxony; and again the multitudes had gathered for a momentary sight of a single face. That face was one to photograph itself on the memory. It bespoke a cultivated intellect, a gentle heart, and dignified firmness of character. The sweet gravity of its expression, indicating a sense of the responsibility about to be assumed, was welcome to all who valued the happiness of the Queen and the welfare of the country.

Mrs. Oliphant charmingly tells the Queen’s love story in one of her books, and I cannot do better than give an extract.

“Just three months after Princess Victoria was born, another child came into the world, who was her cousin, the

son of her mother's brother, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a pretty, gentle boy, who grew into one of the best and most excellent of men. He was not born to such great prospects as the little Victoria, but he belonged to one of the wisest and most able families; and before he and his cousin were more than children, it began to enter into the minds of the fathers and mothers, and still more of the wise uncle, Leopold, who was King of the Belgians, that here was a pair who would be each other's fit help-mates, and would make a perfect marriage. They did not say very much about it, but they educated the young Prince as carefully as they were educating the young Princess, and taught him to think of life as something noble and serious, to be used for the good of his fellow-creatures, and not merely for pleasure to himself.

"When he was grown up, and had become a handsome young man, he went to England to visit his aunt, who was the Princess Victoria's mother. And there these two met, young, blooming, hopeful creatures, both of them: fond of music, fond of art, and deeply touched with a sense of their own responsibilities and the high duty to which they were born. They met, unconscious of the plans that had been formed when they were in their cradles, and made each other's acquaintance in the frank and simple intercourse of relationship. At that moment, though destined to be so great, they were but a boy and girl together. In the meantime, however, contrary to the usual rule, it was the girl upon whom the more serious weight of life fell first. The youth went away to travel and study; the little maiden, modest and awestricken, yet brave in her deep sense of the responsibility of this honour to which she was born, had to mount the steps of the throne, and seat herself there all tremulous in grandeur and solitude! Her dearest friends, even her mother, had all to be left a step behind, below that lonely eminence. The ordinary rules of a girl's life,



Engraved by R. & E. TAYLOR.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT WHEN A CHILD.

BY CATHERINE ALLISON FELLOWS.

"While still very young his heart was feelingly alive to the sufferings of the poor. I saw him one day give a beggar something by stealth, when he told me not to speak of it; 'for when you give to the poor,' he said, 'you must see that nobody knows of it.'"—COUNT MENSENDORFF.

the sweet dependence, the support and control which keeps youth safe and blessed, have all to be reversed and changed when the girl is a reigning queen.

“And this made the strangest change in the preliminaries of the love-story that followed. Her cousin, Albert, who had kept a tender thought for Victoria in his heart, sending her now a flower, now a little picture, as he wandered about in Switzerland and Italy, came back three years after, in October, 1839, to England, with more definite hopes in his mind. On her side the young Sovereign had been pondering. She had made up her mind, she thought, not to marry, at least for the time. She was so young still, just twenty. But if she married at all, it would be Prince Albert! So she said, and so she thought; and the lover-cousin came with his heart beating, but no words to plead his suit with, for what was he, a poor young German Prince, her uncle's second son, to offer love to a queen!

“How it happened I cannot tell, but strangely enough the Queen's unwillingness to marry all melted away like frost under the sunshine when this fair-haired young knight came into her enchanted palace. She did not say another word about being so young. But then there came a tremulous moment of uncertainty. It was her part, not his, to say the word which should make all clear between them; and you may suppose how the young Queen faltered and trembled over that necessary advance. At last Prince Albert was told that the Queen wanted to see him. How it came about exactly only the two knew who were most concerned, but it did not take long to settle matters.

“‘These last few days have passed like a dream to me,’ the Queen wrote to her uncle after this agitating moment was over. ‘I am so much bewildered by it all, that I hardly know how to write; but I do feel very happy.’”

Prince Albert too, wrote to his grandmother:—“The Queen sent for me to her room, and disclosed to me, in a

genuine outburst of love and affection, that I had gained her whole heart."

In a letter to Baron Stockmar, the Prince wrote :—
"Victoria is so good and kind to me, that I am often puzzled to believe that I should be the object of so much affection. I know the interest you take in my happiness, therefore pour out my heart to you."

Stockmar, in his reply, not only congratulated the Prince, but sent him some excellent counsel, which Albert received, as he always did, with a great desire to profit by it. He knew that his friend was exceedingly anxious that he should prove "noble, manly, and princely" in all things, and this was the Prince's earnest desire too. He knew that he was choosing a position of no ordinary difficulty. "With the exception of my relations to the Queen," he writes, "my future position will have its dark sides, and the sky will not always be blue and unclouded. But life has its thorns in every position, and the consciousness of having used one's powers and endeavours for an object so great as that of promoting the welfare of so many, will surely be sufficient to support me."

Real love is always humble, and the Queen knew how to appreciate its worth. She wrote in her diary :—"How I will strive to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has made! I told him it *was* a great sacrifice on his part, but he would not allow it."

The Queen wrote to all her family, announcing the event. When she saw the Duchess of Gloucester in town, and told her she was to make her declaration before the Council the next day, the Duchess asked her if it was not a nervous thing to do. She said, "Yes; but I did a much more nervous thing a little while ago." "What was that?" "I proposed to Prince Albert."

The wedding took place in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on February 10th, 1840. The loyal enthusiasm of the



From a Photograph.

"ALBERT THE GOOD."

"The noble Prince I had almost forgotten in the noble man."—DR. MACLEOD.

"He was a kind father to us all, looking after our wants, and making us comfortable."—A BALMORAL PEASANT.

nation could hardly have been exceeded. The scene in the Chapel Royal was touchingly pictured in a poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

"SHE vows to love who vowed to rule the chosen at her side.
Let none say, God preserve the Queen ! but rather, Bless the Bride !
None blow the trump, none bend the knee, none violate the dream,
Wherein no monarch, but a wife, she to herself may seem.

Or, if ye say, Preserve the Queen ! oh, breathe it inward low—
She is a *woman, and beloved !* and 'tis enough but so.
Count it enough, thou noble Prince, who tak'st her by the hand,
And claimest for thy lady-love our lady of the land !
Esteem that wedded hand less dear for sceptre than for ring,
And hold her uncrowned womanhood to be the Royal thing.

And now upon our Queen's last vow what blessings shall we pray ?
None straitened to a shallow crown will suit our lips to-day :
Behold, they must be free as love, they must be broad as free,
Even to the borders of heaven's light and earth's humanity.
Long live she ! send up loyal shouts, and true hearts pray between,
' *The blessings happy peasants have, be thine, O crowned Queen !* ' "

Years sped on, and the opening promise of "twain lives made one" was developed in the home life of a Royal Household which presented such a picture of "whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report," that the nation's loyalty, advancing far beyond the principle of allegiance to the throne, deepened into a feeling of almost personal attachment and affection towards the Queen and her husband.

The Royal pair became a notable pattern of those private and domestic virtues which, next to the "righteousness" which "exalteth a nation," are the truest elements of a nation's strength and prosperity. Real greatness found its noblest sphere as well as its most searching test in the Home ; and from the first the Queen aimed to show how truly she sympathised with her subjects as members of a nation of which it has been well said, it "seeks its own

happiness by its own fireside." In the love of her husband and the peaceful joy of her home she realized "the blessings happy peasants have."

The Prince Consort, in what was necessarily a very difficult post, wisely resolved from the first "to sink his own individual existence in that of his wife; to aim at no power by himself or for himself; to shun all ostentation; to assume no separate responsibility before the public, but to make his position entirely a part of the Queen's." And the Queen, on the other hand, as we are told in "The Prince Consort's Memoirs," with equal wisdom would reply to those who "urged upon her, that as Sovereign, she must be the head of the house and the family as well as of the State, and that her husband was, after all, but one of her subjects," that "she had solemnly engaged to 'obey' as well as to 'love and honour,' and this sacred obligation she could consent neither to limit nor refine away." Mutual love and perfect confidence bound the Queen and Prince to each other, and it was impossible to keep up any separation or difference of interests or duties between them.

It might indeed have been otherwise. The *Quarterly Review*, January, 1862, remarks: "Had the Royal Lady who bestowed her hand been less royally noble in nature; had there been the slightest jealousy of his influence, or of his personal participation in scenes and duties denied to the Crown, it is not too much to say that the world would have known but little of the Prince's powers for those great departments of public utility which he made so peculiarly his own." There were many who chose to distort even his best actions, and twist the most harmless words as antagonistic to British interests. Steadfastly, manfully, bravely, and patiently he bore it all, and pursued the path of devotion to philanthropic and every social movement for the general good. His wise resolve was, as he expressed



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, AND THE PRINCE CONSORT.

From the picture by SIR EDWARD LANDSEER, R.A., now in Windsor Castle.

"Esteem that wedded hand less dear for sceptre than for ring,
And hold her uncrowned womanhood to be the Royal thing."

E. B. BROWNING.

it, "to belong only to the nation at large—free from the trammels and above the dissensions of political parties."

What he was in the domestic circle in those early days, when life and love were both in bridal brightness, the Queen herself will best describe. In "The Prince Consort's Memoirs" Her Majesty allows her subjects to glance within the holiest shrine of home affections and sympathies, and bears touching testimony to the devotion of her Royal husband at the interesting period of the birth of the Princess Royal, on November 21st, 1840.

"For a moment only," the Queen says, "was he disappointed at its being a daughter, and not a son." His first care was for the safety of the Queen; and "We cannot be thankful enough to God," he writes to the Duchess of Gotha on the 14th, "that everything has passed off so very prosperously."

"During the time the Queen was laid up, his care and devotion," the Queen records, "were quite beyond expression. He was always at hand to do anything in his power for her comfort. He was content to sit by her in a darkened room, to read to her or write for her.

"No one but himself ever lifted her from her bed to her sofa; and he always helped to wheel her on her bed or sofa into the next room. For this purpose he would come instantly, when sent for, from any part of the house. As years went on, and he became overwhelmed with work (for his attentions were the same in all the Queen's subsequent confinements), this was often done at much inconvenience to himself; but he ever came with a sweet smile on his face. In short," the Queen adds, "his care of her was like that of a mother, nor could there be a kinder, wiser, or more judicious nurse."

In connection with this event a pleasing anecdote is introduced, which places the Prince Consort before us as a father and a scholar. From the moment of his coming to

England, he had resolutely applied himself to the task of making himself thoroughly acquainted with the laws and institutions of the land of his adoption. To this end he began regular readings in the English Laws and Constitution with Mr. Selwyn, a highly distinguished barrister. Two days after the birth of the Princess Royal, when Mr. Selwyn came, the Prince said : " I fear I cannot read any law to-day, there are so many constantly coming to congratulate ; but you will like to see the little Princess ? " Prince Albert then took Mr. Selwyn into the nursery, where the baby was asleep. " The next time we read," he said, " I think it must be on the rights and duties of a Princess Royal."





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**THE PRINCESS ROYAL, AGED 17 MONTHS, AND THE
PRINCE OF WALES, AGED 5 MONTHS.**

From the picture by SIR W. C. ROSS, R.A.

CHAPTER V.

THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

“There’s no Place like Home.”—Anecdotes of “Vicky.”—Home Training.—“The great Maxim of all.”—Osborne House.—The Prince’s Psalm.—Practical Education.—Science and Industry.—The chief Home Instructor.



THE Queen in the palace and the peasant in the cottage equally find it true, that “there’s no place like Home.” England’s Royal Home, with all its grandeur, never lost its “homeliness.” Every mother will understand this when reading the words in which our good Queen describes a scene which was often witnessed in Windsor Castle when the home began to fill, and the little feet went pattering about the galleries and towers.

“Victoria,” writes the Queen, “plays with my old bricks, and I see her running and jumping—as *old*, though I fear still *little*, Victoria of former days used to do.”

The Queen, in her “Journal of our Life in the Highlands,” tells us a great deal about the Princess Royal, who became Empress of Germany, when she was quite a little girl: how good “Vicky” was, and how it amused and delighted her to feel that her child was old enough to travel with her. “It puts me so in mind of myself when I was ‘the little Princess,’” she says. And then she tells us how “Vicky stood and bowed to the people out of the window.”

This was the little lady's first journey; and she was not quite four years old. A baby can soon learn what it is to be a great personage, and that a princess is bound to be courteous, as, indeed, every lady is, even when she is only four years old.

Here is another anecdote of Vicky, who was also called "Pussy," as many a young girl is or has been:—

"Our *Pussy* learns a verse of Lamartine by heart, which ends with '*Le tableau se déroule à mes pieds*' ['The picture spreads itself at my feet.'] To show you how well she understood this difficult line, I must tell you the following *bon mot*. When she was riding on her pony, and looking at the cows and sheep, she turned to Madame Charnier (her governess), and said, '*Voilà le tableau qui se déroule à mes pieds!*' ['*There* is the picture which spreads itself at my feet.'] Is not this extraordinary for a child of three?"

It is said now, that the "Princess Royal" (for in England we like to give her her old title) is the cleverest of all the Queen's family, and has great good sense and talent. Perhaps it is because she was the eldest that there is more about her in the Queen's book, from which we are gleaning, than about the others; for when there is a large family, it becomes impossible to remember all the amusing things the children do, and their cleverness; whereas the young father and mother have their minds free to treasure up all these wonders when there is but one.

Never were children more carefully brought up than these children of England. "Little nobodies," says Mrs. Oliphant, "may be permitted sometimes to be saucy to others (which we know, is very bad breeding in any one), but the Royal children were never allowed any such vulgar privilege. They had to do as they were told, and to be kind and respectful." "The greatest maxim of all," the Queen writes, "is that the children should be brought up as simply and in as domestic a way as possible; that (not interfering

with their lessons) they should be as much as possible with their parents, and learn to place their greatest confidence in them on all things." Even when the Queen was travelling about round the shores of Scotland in her yacht, she used to find time to give little Victoria a lesson, and to hear her read in her history book; and when the boys grew older, the Prince Consort was very earnest about their instruction.

The purchase of Osborne House was chiefly made in order to secure a quiet and retired home for the training of the Royal family. Lady Lyttelton, writing of the first night spent there, tells us: "The Prince Consort after dinner said, very naturally and simply, but seriously, 'We have a hymn' (he called it a *psalm*) 'for such occasions: it begins'—and then he repeated two lines in German, which I could not quote right, meaning a prayer to bless our going out and coming in. It was dry and quaint, being Luther's; we all perceived that he was feeling it. And truly, entering a new house, a new palace, is a solemn thing to do, to those whose probable space of life in it is long, and in spite of rank, and health, and youth, down hill now."

The verse the Prince quoted has been thus translated into English:—

"God bless our going out, nor less
Our coming in, and make them sure,
God bless our daily bread, and bless
Whate'er we do, whate'er endure;
In death unto His peace awake us,
And heirs of His salvation make us."


At Osborne, the Swiss Cottage was a school of practical science and industry for the Royal children. Each, too, had his or her own flower and vegetable garden, hot-house, and forcing-frame: and the Princes worked in a carpenter's shop. They had, too, a museum of natural history. When the children went out for their walks, they used to collect all sorts of curiosities; and, by degrees, the museum be-

came stocked with geological and botanical specimens, with stuffed birds and animals, and with interesting articles of their own construction. Moreover, on this juvenile property was a building, the ground floor of which was fitted up as a kitchen, with pantry, closets, dairy, larder, all complete in their arrangements; and here might have been seen the young Princesses, arranged *à la cuisinière*, floured to the elbows, deep in the mysteries of pastry-making, like rosy English girls, cooking the vegetables from their own gardens, preserving, pickling, baking, sometimes to partake among themselves, or to distribute to the poor of the neighbourhood, the result of their handiwork. The Queen had determined that nothing domestic should remain unlearned by her children. Nor were the young people ever happier than during their sojourn at Osborne.

The Prince Consort often spent several hours daily with them. We are told :—

“The one thing which personally distinguished the Prince Consort from other men was his daily and hourly interest in the education of his children,—not only their moral education—which no parent under any circumstances ought to neglect—but the ordinary training of the schoolroom. Of course the Royal Princes and the Princesses had many teachers, but their chief instructor was the Prince. He not only furnished a general plan for their instruction, but superintended it himself; not only appointed to each one his and her teachers, but thought it his duty to read every book which was about to be put into their hands.”

How well it would be if all parents took the same interest in their children, and especially took care to see that poisonous books and papers were not allowed to be read by them! Poison for the mind is as bad as poison for the body. Every home should have its library, furnished with instructive and amusing books, and should be made the most attractive spot to our children in all the earth.



“Oh, how should England, dreaming of his sons,
Hope more for these than some inheritance
Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
Thou noble Father of her Kings to be !”



From the Painting by W. S. CUMMING.]

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

CHAPTER VI.

THE HOME AT BALMORAL.

The Queen's Description.—Interest in the Tenantry.—Sunday at Balmoral.—Dr. Norman Macleod.—The Governess of the Royal Children.—Care of Domestics.—“Love is a Present for a Mighty King.”—“Remembering the Poor.”—“He was a Kind Father to us all.”



BALMORAL was the favourite residence both of the Queen and the Prince Consort. It occupies a very beautiful plateau at the bend of the Dee ; and the Castle commands fine views of the surrounding country. The Queen, giving her first impressions in 1848, wrote :—

“Looking down from the hill which overhangs the house, the view is charming. To the left you look to the beautiful hills surrounding Lochnagar, and to the right towards Ballater, to the glen (or valley) along which the Dee winds, with beautiful wooded hills, which reminded us very much of the Thuringian Forest. It was so calm and so solitary, it did one good as one gazed around, and the pure mountain air was most refreshing. All seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoils. The scenery is wild, and yet not desolate ; and everything looks much more prosperous and cultivated than at Laggan. Then the soil is delightfully dry. We walked beside the Dee, a beautifully rapid stream,

which is close behind the house. The view of the hills toward Invercauld is exceedingly fine."

The old Castle being too small, a new house was erected. The Queen herself laid the foundation stone. The whole household and the workmen assembled, and the Rev. A. Anderson prayed for a blessing on the new home.*

The Rev. J. H. Wilson thus described the domestic life at Balmoral:—

"The Royal Family, perfectly free from all restraint, were often engaged in reading, sketching, painting, etching, photographing, gardening; each trying to outdo the others in seeking to reach some practical end; and all in the buoyancy of that filial affection which blends the best sympathies of parental love. At Balmoral the Queen appeared, not in her regal character, but as the mother; while the Prince, as the head of the family, was looked up to and loved with the tenderest emotion."

The Royal interest in the comfort and happiness of the tenantry was most practical. New and improved cottages were built, schoolhouses were provided, gardens were laid out, and the appearance of the neighbourhood wonderfully changed for the better.

The more thoroughly to identify the Royal Family with the locality of their Highland home, the unity of public worship was preserved by attendance at the little parish church of Crathie, two miles distant from the old Castle. On the very first Sunday, we are told, "the Queen and Prince Consort went to church accompanied by their children and members of the household, and took their seats in the western gallery as quietly as if they had been the lord and lady of the neighbouring manor."

They both made it a rule never to have more work done on the Sunday than was necessary. Thus the domestics

* See Illustration of Balmoral, page 110.



By permission of Messrs. GRAVES & CO., 6, Pall Mall.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE AGE OF SIX.

From the Painting by F. WINTERHALTER.

had every opportunity of resting as well as their Sovereign. The Rev. A. Anderson, the minister of the parish, in noting the fact that during the thirteen seasons the Prince Consort and the Queen were at Balmoral the Prince was only twice absent from church, adds : "A beautiful example in more ways than one to the great and noble of the land."

On one occasion, the Queen says, when Dr. Norman Macleod was preaching, "Mr. Macleod showed in the sermon how we all tried to please *self*, and to live for *that*, and in so doing found no rest. Christ had come, not only to die for us, but to show how we were to live. The second prayer was very touching; his allusions to us were so simple; saying, after his mention of us, 'Bless their children.' It gave me a lump in my throat; and also when he prayed for the dying, the wounded, the widow, and the orphans."

Grace Greenwood tells a Balmoral incident which touchingly showed the womanly tenderness which has endeared the Queen to all our hearts :—

"When I was in England, I heard several pleasant anecdotes of the Queen and her family from a lady who had received them from her friend, the governess of the Royal children. This governess, a very interesting young lady, was the orphan daughter of a Scottish clergyman. During the first year of her residence at Windsor her mother died. When she first received the news of her serious illness, she applied to the Queen to resign her situation, feeling that to her mother she owed even a more sacred duty than to her Sovereign. The Queen, who had been much pleased with her, would not hear of her making this sacrifice, but said, in a tone of the most gentle sympathy, 'Go at once to your mother, child; stay with her as long as she needs you, and then come back to us. I will keep your place for you. Prince Albert and I will hear the children's lessons; so in any event let your mind be at rest in regard to your pupils.'

“The governess went, and had several weeks of sweet, mournful communion with her dying mother ; then, when she had seen that dear form laid to sleep under the daisies in the old kirk-yard, she returned to the palace, where the loneliness of Royal grandeur would have oppressed her sorrowing heart beyond endurance, had it not been for the gracious womanly sympathy of the Queen, who came every day to her schoolroom, and the considerate kindness of her young pupils.

“A year went by ; the first anniversary of her great loss dawned upon her, and she was overwhelmed as never before by the utter loneliness of her grief. She felt that no one in all that great household knew how much goodness and sweetness passed out of mortal life that day a year ago, or could give her one tear, one thought to that grave under the Scottish daisies.

“Every morning before breakfast, which the elder children took with their father and mother, in the pleasant crimson parlour looking out on the terrace at Windsor, her pupils came to the schoolroom for a brief religious exercise. This morning the voice of the governess trembled in reading the Scripture for the day ; some words of Divine tenderness were too much for her poor, lonely, grieving heart—her strength gave way, and laying her head on the desk before her, she burst into tears, murmuring, ‘O mother, mother !’

“One after another the children stole out of the room and went to their mother, to tell her how sadly their governess was feeling ; and that kind-hearted monarch, exclaiming, ‘Oh, poor girl ! it is the anniversary of her mother’s death,’ hurried to the schoolroom, where she found Miss —— struggling to regain her composure.

“‘My poor child,’ she said, ‘I am sorry the children disturbed you this morning. I meant to have given orders that you should have this day entirely to yourself. Take it

as a sad and sacred holiday—I will hear the lessons of the children.’ And then she added, ‘To show you that I have not forgotten this mournful anniversary, I bring you this gift,’ clasping on her arm a beautiful mourning bracelet with a locket for her mother’s hair, marked with the date of her mother’s death.

“What wonder that the orphan kissed, with tears, this gift and the more than Royal hand that bestowed it!”

Similar thoughtful kindness and consideration was evinced towards all the household domestics both by the Queen and the Prince Consort. The latter once said, at the annual meeting in London of the Servants’ Provident and Benevolent Society :—

“Who would not feel the deepest interest in the welfare of their domestic servants? Whose heart would fail to sympathise with those who minister to us in sickness, receive us upon our first appearance in this world, and even extend their cares to our mortal remains—who lie under our roof, form our household, and are part of our family?”

The same appreciation of faithful service is expressed by the Queen in “Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands.” Sir Arthur Helps, writing, as is well understood, on behalf of the Queen, says :—“Her Majesty never takes for granted the services and attentions which are rendered to her, and which we all know would be rendered to her from dutiful respect and regard; but views them as special kindnesses to herself, and to which she makes no claim whatever from her exalted position as a Sovereign.”

None, we may be sure, feel more deeply than Queen Victoria the truth of those lines of George Herbert: “Scorn no man’s love, though of a mean degree; Love is a present for a mighty King.”

A fire which occurred during the erection of the new house at Balmoral, and consumed the workshops, gave an opportunity for ready kindness and consideration. When

the fire was raging, and the workmen had placed themselves in a line between the Castle and the river, to pass buckets of water from hand to hand, the Prince took an active part in the work. The Queen also, who was present, encouraged the men by her smile and kind words of counsel. It was found afterwards that the workmen had in their chests, which were burned, a considerable sum of money, which they had saved from their earnings. When this became known, the whole sum was returned to them, with expressions of sympathy for the welfare of themselves and their families.

Balmoral is associated with the delightful "Grand Expeditions" of three or four days' length in the wilder mountainous districts, which the Royal party enjoyed so much. "It was so amusing to roam about unrecognised, such fun to put up at rustic inns, where the accommodation was of the most primitive kind, and host and hostess had not the most remote idea of the quality of their guests. Comical in the extreme was it to find themselves in the ramshackle, shabbily-horsed vehicles they occasionally hired, gleeful to mount their sturdy mountain-ponies, and altogether, as every one enthusiastically asserted, most enjoyable."

On one such expedition at dusk, amidst profound silence, they entered a little village-like town, where there was "not a creature stirring," and where they put up at the "Ramsay Arms." "Our bedroom," says the Queen, "was excessively small, but very clean and neat." Afterwards, they all walked out in the moonlight, not a creature moving as they passed along the street, pausing at the ancient town-cross to read a parish "proclamation" pasted on it. Her Majesty says :—

"We walked on along a lane a short way, hearing nothing whatever—not a leaf moving—but the distant barking of a dog. Suddenly we heard a drum and fifes! We were

greatly alarmed, fearing we had been recognised, but Louis and General Gray, who went back, saw nothing whatever. Still, as we walked slowly back, we heard the noise from time to time, and when we reached the inn-door, we stopped, and saw six men march up with fifes and a drum (not a creature taking any notice of them), go down the street and back again. Grant and Brown were out, but had no idea what it could be. Albert asked the little maid, and the answer was 'It's just the band,' and that it walked about in this way twice a week. How odd !"

On another occasion, alas ! at Dalwhinnie, one of the servants recognised the Queen, and so the volunteer band came forth, and "the fat old landlady," in a flutter of dismay and excitement, went away to reappear smiling and self-satisfied in "a black satin dress with white ribbons and orange-flowers." "But," said the Queen, "there was scarcely any population, and it did not signify." What did signify most was that, "unhappily there was hardly anything to eat: . . . only tea, and two miserable, starved Highland chickens without any potatoes," and "wasn't that a pretty dish to set before a Queen?" to say nothing of Her Majesty's many hungry companions. It was of this adventurous tourist-expedition that Her Majesty wrote :—"This was the pleasantest and most enjoyable I *ever* made," and she added, "Have enjoyed nothing as much, or indeed felt so much cheered by anything, since my great sorrow," meaning her mother's death.

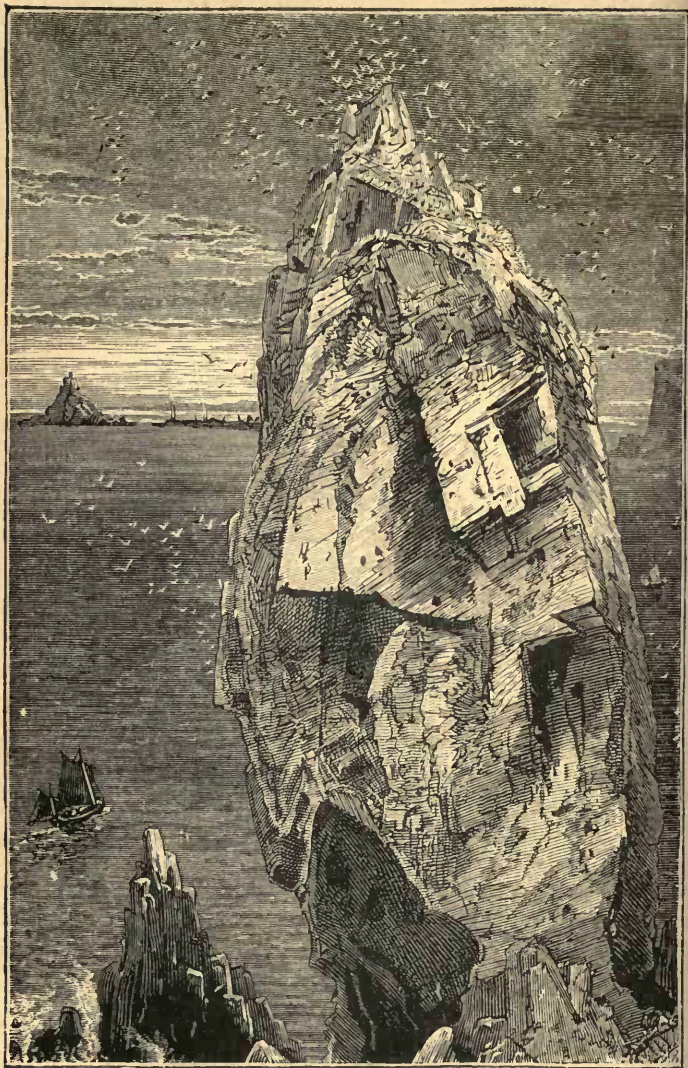
It need scarcely be added that "remembering the poor" was never lost sight of at Balmoral. "Not a cottage was left unvisited ; not a family uncared for ; not a cottager without his work, his wages, and his croft ; not a child without education. An excellent library was established ; and one of the last projects of the Prince Consort was to lay out a model farm, and construct new roads. The Royal Family would call at the school, hear the children sing and read,

give them books as prizes, and in various ways evince their interest in the welfare of the young."

Nor was it to agricultural improvements alone that attention was directed. The Queen and the Prince saw the advantage of encouraging tradesmen and labourers of good character to settle upon the estates. Houses and gardens, with a croft where it could be conveniently added, for the keep of a cow, were provided, at a very moderate rent, for the blacksmith, the carpenter, shoemaker, tailor, and general merchant. Similar encouragement was given to the steady labourer; and the extensive works thus undertaken were carried on over a series of years, so as to give constant employment.

Before leaving for England, the cottagers were encouraged to employ part of their spare time in the winter in making anything useful and ornamental, such as paper-cutters of bone, looking-glass frames, etc., and send them to the Castle, where they would be well paid for. Kindly readiness to aid and help the cottagers won their hearts, so that the simple but expressive words of one of their number on the Prince's death well gave utterance to the common feeling: "*He was a kind father to us all, looking after all our wants, and making us comfortable.*"






MULLION GULL ROCK, CORNWALL.

CHAPTER VII.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO CORNWALL.

The Land's End.—St. Michael's Mount.—“The Duke of Cornwall.”
—St. Michael's Chair.—The Mayor of Penryn.—Excursions.—
The Restormel Iron Mine.

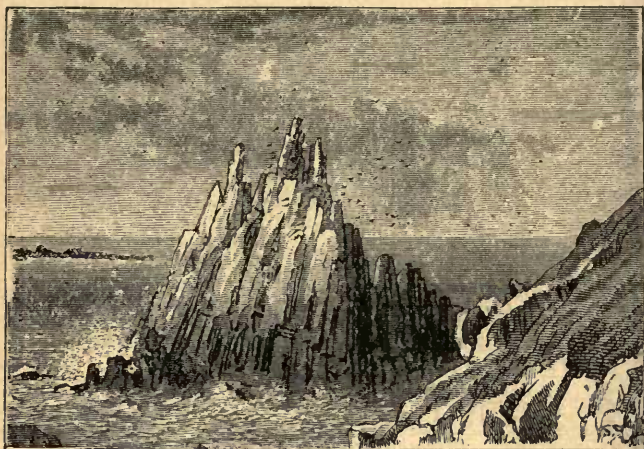
“HE Queen in the Highlands” has long been a familiar phrase. From the first Her Majesty has evinced peculiar affection for the

“Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood.”

But her journals contain many accounts of tours in England and Ireland, and these are comparatively unknown to the general reader. We are sure, however, that those who have read it before will read again with increased pleasure Her Majesty's full and interesting account of her yachting excursion to Cornwall and the Land's End in the year 1846.

“FALMOUTH HARBOUR, *Sept. 4th.*

“A beautiful day again, with the same brilliantly blue sea. At a quarter to eight o'clock we got under weigh. There was a great deal of motion at first, and for the greater part of the day the ship pitched, but getting up the sails steadied her. From five o'clock it became quite smooth; at half-past five we saw land, and at seven we entered Falmouth Harbour, where we were immediately surrounded by boats.



The calmest night possible, with a beautiful moon when we went on deck ; every now and then the splashing of oars and the hum of voices were heard ; but they were the only sounds unlike the constant dashing of the sea against the vessel which we heard all the time we were at Jersey."

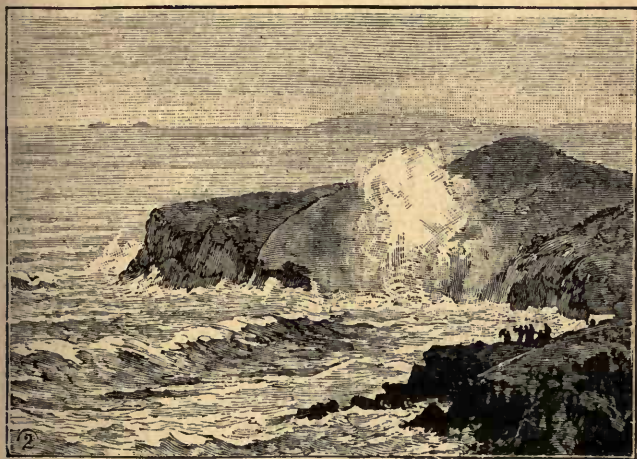
"MOUNT'S BAY, CORNWALL, *Sept. 5th.*

"At eight o'clock we left Falmouth, and proceeded along the coast of Cornwall, which becomes bold and rugged beyond the Lizard Point, and as one approaches the Land's End. At about twelve we passed Land's End, which is very fine and rocky, the views from thence opening beautifully. We passed quite close to the Longships, some rocks, on which stands a lighthouse. The sea was unusually smooth for the Land's End. We went beyond a point called the Brisons, and then steamed back. The famous Botallack Mine lies here. A little before two we landed in the beautiful Mount's Bay close below St. Michael's Mount,

which is very fine. When the bay first opened to our view, the sun was lighting up this beautiful castle, so peculiarly built on a rock, and which forms an island at high water. In entering the bay we passed the small village of Mousehole and the town of Penzance, which is prettily situated about one mile and a half from St. Michael's Mount. The day brightened just as we arrived, and the sea again became so blue.

"Soon after our arrival we anchored; the crowd of boats was beyond everything; numbers of Cornish pilchard fishermen in their curious large boats kept going round and round, and then anchored, besides many other boats full of people. They are a very noisy, talkative race, and speak a kind of English hardly to be understood. During our voyage I was able to give Vicky her lessons.

"At three o'clock we all got into the barge, including the children and Mdlle. Gruner, their governess, and rowed



ON THE CORNISH COAST.

through an avenue of boats of all descriptions to the *Fairy*, herself rolling amazingly. We steamed round the bay to look at St. Michael's Mount from the other side, which is even more beautiful, and then went on to Penzance, with all the gentlemen except Lord Spencer (who is most agreeable and useful at sea, being a captain of the navy) and Colonel Grey, and went to see the smelting of copper and tin, and the works in serpentine stone in Penzance. We remained here a little while without going on, in order to sketch, and returned to the *Victoria and Albert* by half-past four, the boats crowding round us in all directions ; and when Bertie showed himself, the people shouted, 'Three cheers for the Duke of Cornwall !' Albert returned a little before seven, much gratified by what he had seen, and bringing home specimens of the serpentine stone."

"MOUNT'S BAY, *Sept. 6th.*

"A hazy, dull-looking morning ; but as calm as it possibly could be. At half-past eight o'clock we got into our barge, with Miss Ker and Lord Spencer, and proceeded without any standard to the little harbour below St. Michael's Mount.

"Behind St. Michael's Mount is the little town of Marazion, or 'Market Jew,' which is supposed to have taken its name from the Jews having in former times trafficked there.

"We disembarked and walked up the Mount by a circuitous rugged path, over rocks and turf, and entered the old castle, which is beautifully kept, and must be a nice house to live in, as there are so many good rooms in it. The dining-room, made out of the refectory, is very pretty. It is surrounded by a frieze, representing ancient hunting. The chapel is excessively curious : the organ is much famed. Albert played a little on it, and it sounded very fine. Below the chapel is a dungeon, where some years ago was discovered the skeleton of a large man without a coffin. The entrance is in the floor of one of the pews. Albert

went down with Lord Spencer, and afterwards went up with him and Sir James Clark—who, with Lord Palmerston and Colonel Grey, had joined us—to the tower, on the top of which, is ‘St. Michael’s chair,’ which, it is said, betrothed couples run up to, and whoever gets first into the chair will have at home the government of the house: and the old housekeeper—a nice tidy old woman—said many a couple ‘does go there!’ though Albert and Lord Spencer said it was the awkwardest place possible to get at. St. Michael’s Mount belongs to Sir J. St. Aubyn. There were several drawings there of Mount St. Michael’s in Normandy, which is very much like this one, and was, I believe, inhabited by the same order of monks as this was, *i.e.* Benedictine. We walked down again, had to step over another boat in order to get into our barge, as the tide was so very low, and returned on board the yacht before ten.

“The view from the top of St. Michael’s is very beautiful and very extensive, but unfortunately it was too thick and hazy to see it well. A low ridge of sand separates St. Michael’s Mount from Marazion at low water, and the sea at high water. From the sand to the summit of the castle is about 250 feet. The chapel was originally erected, they say, for the use of pilgrims who came here, and it owes its name to a tradition of St. Michael the Archangel having rested on the rock.

“Albert made a beautiful little sketch of St. Michael’s Mount. Soon after two we left Mount’s Bay. About four we came opposite to some very curious serpentine rocks, between Mount’s Bay and Lizard Point, and we stopped that Albert might land. The gentlemen went with him. Lord Spencer soon returned, saying that Albert was very anxious I should see the beautiful little cave in the serpentine rocks; and accordingly I got into the barge with the children and ladies and Lord Spencer, and we rowed to these rocks, with their caves and little creeks. There were

many cormorants and sea-gulls on the rocks. We returned again, and were soon joined by Albert, who brought many fine specimens which he had picked up. The stone is really beautifully marked with red and green veins.

"We proceeded on our course, and reached Falmouth before seven. The fine afternoon was changed to a foggy, dull, cold evening. We have had on board with us, since we left Falmouth, Mr. Taylor, mineral agent to the Duchy of Cornwall, a very intelligent young man, married to a niece of Sir Charles Lemon's."

"FALMOUTH, *Sept. 7th.*

"Immediately after breakfast Albert left me to land and visit some mines. The Corporation of Penryn were on board, and very anxious to see the 'Duke of Cornwall': so I stepped out of the pavilion on deck with Bertie, and Lord Palmerston told them that that was the 'Duke of Cornwall,' and the old Mayor of Penryn said 'he hoped he would grow up a blessing to his parents and to his country.'

"A little before four o'clock we all got into the barge, with the two children, and rowed to the *Fairy*. We rowed through a literal lane of boats, full of people who had surrounded the yacht ever since early in the morning, and proceeded up the river by St. Just's Pool, to the left of which lies Sir C. Lemon's place, and Trefusis, belonging to Lord Clinton. We went up the Truro, which is beautiful—something like the Tamar, but almost finer, though not so bold as Pentillie Castle and Cothele—winding between banks entirely wooded with stunted oaks and full of numberless creeks. The prettiest are King Harry's Ferry and a spot near Tregothnan (Lord Falmouth's), where there is a beautiful little boat-house, quite in the woods, and on the river, at the point where the Tregony separates from the Truro. Albert said the position of this boat-house put him in mind of Tell's Chapel, in Switzerland.

"We went a little way up the Tregony, which is most beautiful, with high, sloping banks, thickly wooded down to the water's edge. Then we turned back and went up the Truro to Malpas, another bend of the river, from whence one can see Truro, the capital of Cornwall. We stopped here awhile, as so many boats came out from a little place called Sunny Corner, just below Truro, in order to see us. Indeed, the whole population poured out, on foot and in carts, etc., along the banks, and cheered, and were enchanted when Bertie was held up for them to see. It was a very pretty and gratifying sight.

"We went straight on to Swan Pool, outside Pendennis Castle, where we got into the barge and rowed near to the shore to see a net drawn. Mr. Fox, a Quaker, who lives at Falmouth, and has sent us flowers, fruit, and many other things, proposed to put in his net and draw, that we might see all sorts of fish caught; but when it was drawn, there was not one fish! So we went back to the *Fairy*. The water near the shore in Swan Pool is so wonderfully clear that one could see the pebbles."

"Sept. 8th.

"A wet morning when we rose and breakfasted with the children. At about ten o'clock we entered Fowey, which is situated in a creek much like Dartmouth, only not so beautiful, but still very pretty. We got into the barge (leaving the children on board, and also Lord Spencer, who was not quite well) and landed at Fowey with our ladies and gentlemen, and Mr. Taylor, whom we had brought with us from Falmouth. We got into our carriage, with our ladies, and the gentlemen following in others, and drove through some of the narrowest streets I ever saw in England, and up perpendicular hills in the streets—it really quite alarmed one, but we got up and through them quite safely.

"We then drove on for a long way, on bad and narrow

roads, higher and higher up, commanding a fine and very extensive view of the very hilly county of Cornwall, its hills covered with fields and intersected by hedges. At last we came to one field where there was no road whatever ; but we went down the hill quite safely, and got out of the carriage at the top of another, where, surrounded by woods, stands a circular ruin covered with ivy of the old castle of Restormel, belonging to the Duchy of Cornwall, and in which the last Earl of Cornwall lived in the thirteenth century. It was very picturesque from this point.

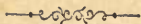
"We visited here the Restormel Mine, belonging also to the Duchy of Cornwall. It is an iron mine, and you go in on a level. Albert and I got into one of the trucks, and we were dragged in by miners, Mr. Taylor walking behind us. The miners wore a curious woollen dress with a cap, and they generally have a candlestick in front of the cap. This time candlesticks were stuck along the sides of the mine, and those who did not drag or push the trucks carried lights. Albert and the gentlemen wore miners' hats. There was no room for any one to pass between the trucks and the rock, and only just room enough to hold up one's head, and not always that. It had a most curious effect, and there was something unearthly about this lit-up cavern-like place. We got out and scrambled a little way to see the veins of ore, and Albert knocked off some pieces, but in general it is blown by gunpowder, being so hard. The miners seemed so pleased at seeing us, and are intelligent, good people. It was quite dazzling when we came into daylight again.

"When we got into our carriage, we passed through the small town of Lostwithiel, where an address was presented to us, and then we passed through Mr. Agar Robartes' park, which reminded one of Cothele. We returned by the same road till near Fowey, when we went through some of the narrowest lanes I almost ever drove through, and so fearfully stony ! We drove along high above the river to Place,

belonging to Mr. Treffry, which has been restored according to drawings in his possession representing the house as it was in former times. A lady of that name defended the house against the French during the absence of her husband, in the fourteenth or fifteenth century. The old gentleman showed us all over the house, and into an unfinished hall lined with marble and porphyry, all of which came from Cornwall. We then walked down to the place of embarkation, and proceeded at once to the yacht. Mr. Taylor deserves the greatest credit for all the arrangements. He and his father are what are called 'adventurers' of the mine.'

This extract from the Queen's Journals will give the reader a fair idea of Her Majesty's literary powers of description. There is no attempt at fine writing: all is extremely natural: but perhaps for this very reason the interest is most thoroughly sustained. The Queen is evidently at home everywhere.

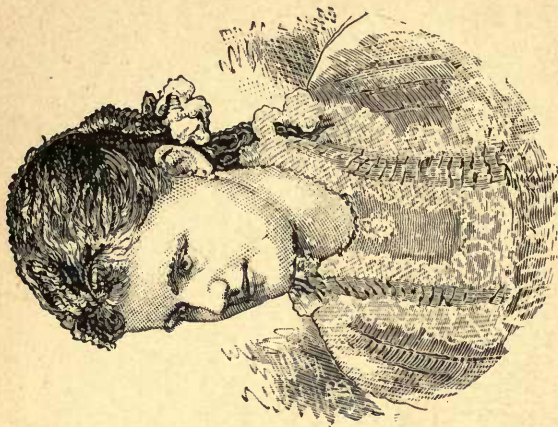
It has been said that it is the peculiar attribute of genius to see the interest that attaches to common things and feelings which ordinary observers pass by as unworthy of regard. The definition, in so far as it relates to genius, may provoke discussion; but there can be no doubt that the Queen's Journals, dealing frankly with common things, open to common observation, and exciting the well-known feelings of our kind, touch the popular heart as it cannot be touched by the extraordinary and the unknown. And, indeed, in addition to the common, which so quickly reaches to the human heart, there is here a touch of the uncommon also—in that such journals should be written by such a lady. All can appreciate the kindly, womanly spirit in which the Queen writes, admitting us as it were into her confidence and giving us the privilege of friendship.





HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCE LEOPOLD, K.G.

"We have learnt that along the ways of wisdom and virtue we shall all advance farthest if we all advance together."—
Prince Leopold, at Liverpool, 1884.



THE PRINCESS HELEN, DUCHESS
OF ALBANY.

"We have learnt that along the ways of wisdom and virtue we shall all advance farthest if we all advance together."—
Prince Leopold, at Liverpool, 1884.

CHAPTER VIII.

SORROW IN THE HOME.

"The Path of Sorrow."—Death of the Duchess of Kent.—The Prince Consort's Illness.—Closing Days.—Favourite Hymns.—Letter from the Princess Alice.—The Queen's Ministry to Others.—Death of "Our Princess Alice" and "England's Royal Scholar."—Death of Prince Albert Victor.—Death of Prince Henry of Battenberg.—The Golden Link of Sympathy.



THE discipline of life comes alike to all.

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

The graces of submission, resignation, sympathy, are called forth and trained in the school of trial.

Thus has it been with our Queen; and we are sure it will be universally admitted that from the dark days of bereavement which have again and again clouded the Royal life, that life has derived an added influence and power for good, the value of which to the nation we could not easily overstate. The Queen's elevation of mind, her winning and kindly manner, her dignity of character and bearing, especially her example in the home—these things have endeared her to her subjects; but, after all, the central attraction is the sympathy which wells forth in tender ministry to the bereaved and the sorrowing, from the overflowing fountain which her own deep sorrow has opened in her heart.

The year 1861 was indeed a year of trouble to the Royal home. And yet it opened so brightly. "To-morrow," writes the Prince Consort to his old friend Baron Stockmar on February 9th, 1861, "our marriage will be twenty-one years old. How many a storm has swept over it: and still it continues green and fresh, and throws out vigorous roots, from which I can, with gratitude to God, acknowledge that much good will yet be engendered for the world." The Queen also wrote to her uncle, King Leopold:—"Very few can say with me, that their husband, at the end of twenty-one years, is not only full of the friendship, kindness, and affection which a truly happy marriage brings with it, but of the same tender love as in the very first days of our marriage." Only a month later the Duchess of Kent passed to her rest. "The mother," wrote the Queen, "I so tenderly loved: from whom, for these forty-one years, I had never been parted except for a few weeks. I seemed to have lived through a life—to have become old. . . . The blessed future meeting, and *her* peace and rest, must henceforward be my comfort."

Events crowded upon each other during this busy year. The prospective marriage of the Princess Alice, the illness of Prince Leopold, the civil war in America, the Prince Consort's visit to Ireland, "the *last*" united visit to Balmoral, the return to Windsor, the American war-cry—and then the threatening illness of the Prince Consort!

The Prince, on Nov. 19th, wrote almost his last letter to his beloved daughter, the Crown Princess, on her twenty-first birthday. "May your life, which has begun beautifully, expand still further, to the good of others and the contentment of your own mind. Success indeed depends upon the blessing which the Most High sees meet to vouchsafe to our endeavours."

A fresh cold increased the now serious symptoms; but the Prince gave his mind continually to the *Trent* affair, and

one of his last services to his country was to write a memorandum of suggestions, which the Ministry gladly adopted, and which greatly tended to the preservation of peace with America.

Fever soon after developed, and a fatal issue was feared.

The closing days and hours of the Prince's life—so quickly and unexpectedly numbered—found him looking to the Saviour of sinners for dying grace. When his illness commenced, one of the physicians said to him, "Your Royal Highness will be better in a few days." He replied, "No, I shall not recover, but I am not taken by surprise; I am not afraid; I trust I am prepared."

He derived, it is stated, much comfort from Toplady's well-known hymn—perhaps one of the richest and fullest Gospel hymns ever written :—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

The soul, resting on such truths as these, might well be sustained in the hour of nature's weakness, and prove "more than conqueror" in the last great conflict. When

the Prince said, "I am not afraid, I trust I am prepared," his confidence was the confidence of faith in a Saviour who had atoned for sin and made peace—the sinner's peace—by the Blood of His cross. "Many a Pharisee dies quietly enough, thinking that his excellence of life will secure his admission to heaven ; profligates, who never repented, yield themselves up silently to what they know to be inevitable ; but these words, from the lips of a man who knew the claims of God and the way of salvation, express a hope entirely unlike those fatal self-flatterers. The Prince knew that Jesus is the Propitiation for our sins ; that it is only when we are justified by faith we have peace with God ; and if with this knowledge he could say, 'I am not afraid, I trust I am prepared,' it was because he had found Divine peace in believing in Jesus." *

It is noteworthy, as throwing light upon the Prince's words, that the text of the last sermon he heard at Balmoral was, "Prepare to meet thy God." The preacher was the Rev. Mr. Stewart, of St. Andrew's, Edinburgh ; and the Prince was so struck with the subject and the sermon that he afterwards requested to see the manuscript.

We are told that during those last days the Prince's favourite hymns at his desire were repeatedly played to him by filial hands—the hands of one whose noble self-devotion gained then, and ever retained for her, the tribute of a nation's affection. One of these hymns touchingly breathes the calm and full assurance of hope which Christian faith alone can impart :—

" To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit,
Who break'st, in love, this mortal chain ;
My life I but from Thee inherit,
And death becomes my chiefest gain.

* Sermon by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel. See also "The Home Life of the Prince Consort" (London : *Home Words* Office).

In Thee I live, in Thee I die,
Content, for Thou art ever nigh."

And another hymn, a favourite chorale, which was afterwards sung at his grave, could scarcely be excelled as the triumphant death-song of one who fully realized in the shadowed valley the grace and presence of the Conqueror of sin and death, the Lord Jesus Christ :—

"I shall not in the grave remain,
Since Thou death's bonds hast severed,
But hope with Thee to rise again,
From fear of death delivered.
I'll come to Thee, where'er Thou art—
Live with Thee, from Thee never part;
Therefore to die is rapture."

Shortly after midnight on December 14th, 1861, the great bell of St. Paul's, which tolls upon the death of any member of the Royal family, startled the hushed city of London, and bore to thousands of sorrowful hearts the sad tidings that the Prince was no more. The Queen was smitten indeed, and the whole nation mourned. The one cry of all hearts found expression in the touching words of the Poet-laureate :—

"Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;
Break not, for thou art royal, but endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made
One light together, but has past, and leaves
The crown a lonely splendour.

May all love,
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again."

A letter, written a year later, to the Queen by the Princess Alice from her new home at Darmstadt, whilst it

shows how intensely bereaved the Queen felt herself to be, sweetly displays a daughter's tenderest sympathy and deepest affection.

"Try and gather in the few bright things you have remaining, and cherish them : for though faint, yet they are types of that infinite joy still to come. I am sure, dear mamma, the more you try to appreciate and to find the good in that which God in His love has *left* you, the more worthy you will daily become of that which is in store. That earthly happiness you had is, indeed, gone for ever, but you must not think that every ray of it has left you. You have the privilege, which dear papa knew so well how to value, in your exalted position, of doing good and living for others, of carrying on his plans, his wishes, into fulfilment ; and as you go on doing your duty, this will, this must, I feel sure, bring you peace and comfort. Forgive me, darling mamma, if I speak so openly, but my love for you is such that I cannot be silent when I long so fervently to give you some slight comfort and hope in your present life.

"I have known and watched your deep sorrow with a sympathising though aching heart. Do not think that absence from you can still that pain. My love for you is strong, is constant ; I would like to shelter you in my arms, to protect you from all future anxiety, to still your aching longing ! My own sweet mamma, you know I would give my life for you, could I alter what you have to bear.

"Trust in God ! ever and constantly. In my life I feel that to be my stay and my strength, and the feeling increases as the days go on."

Dr. Norman Macleod gave much comfort to the sorrowing Queen. He writes :—

"I am never tempted to conceal any conviction from the Queen, for I feel she sympathises with what is true, and

likes the speaker to utter the truth exactly as he believes it. . . . All has passed well, that is to say, God enabled me to speak in private and in public to the Queen, in such a way as seemed to me to be truth, the truth in God's sight, that which I believe she needed, though I feel it would be very trying to her spirit to receive it. And what fills me with deepest thanksgiving is that she has received it, and written to me such a kind, tender letter of thanks for it, which shall be treasured in my heart while I live."

The Queen tried to soothe her own grief by mitigating the sorrows of others. The Hartley colliery explosion roused her deepest sympathy. In Balmoral and at Osborne she frequently visited the sick and the dying. The Chaplain of the Forces at Aldershot told the following story at a meeting at Cambridge:—"A clergyman at Osborne had occasion to visit an aged invalid. Upon his arrival at the house, as he entered the door where the sufferer was, he found, sitting by the bedside, a lady in deep mourning, reading the Word of God. He was about to retire, when the lady remarked, 'Pray remain. I should not wish the invalid to lose the comfort which a clergyman might afford.' The lady retired, and the clergyman found lying on the bed a book, with texts of Scripture adapted to the sick, which had been read to the sufferer. That lady was the Queen of England."

At the same time the Queen rallied to her public duties. She "declared to her family, that though she felt crushed by the loss of one who had been her companion through life, she knew how much was expected of her, and she accordingly called on her children to give her their assistance, in order that she might do her duty to them and the country." To one who offered condolence to Her Majesty, she replied, "I suppose I must not fret too much, for many poor women have to go through the same trial."

Referring to this point of public duty, the Duke of Argyle on one occasion said :—

“I think it a circumstance worthy of observation, and which ought to be known to all the people of this country, that during all the years of the Queen’s affliction, during which she has lived in comparative retirement, she has omitted no part of that public duty which concerns her as Sovereign of this country ; that on no occasion during her grief has she struck work, so to speak, in those public duties which belong to her exalted position ; and I am sure that when the Queen re-appears again on more public occasions, the people of this country will regard her only with increased affection, from the recollection they will have that during all the time of her care and sorrow, she has devoted herself, without one day’s intermission, to those cares of government which belong to her position as Sovereign of this country.”

Since the Queen’s great sorrow, other clouds have gathered over the Royal Home, and other ties have been severed. The dangerous illness of the Prince of Wales in December, 1871, just at the period when, ten years before, the Prince Consort died, happily issued in his recovery ; and a national thanksgiving service was held at St. Paul’s. But seven years later, on that same sad day, the 14th of December, “our Princess Alice” died. In one of her last letters to the Queen, after the death of one of the brightest of her children, she wrote :—

“For myself, darling mamma, God has given me comfort and help in all this trouble, and I am sure His Spirit will remain near us in the trials to come. Great sympathy, such as all show, is a balm ; but I am very tired, and the pain is very great ; but pain can be turned into a blessing, and I pray this may be so.”

“Tender and true !—whose virtue was thy crown,
Whose Royalty was royally to live,—

Death sent to strike thee, laid his arrow down,
And prayed that Love the bitter call would give :
But Love, who could not stay such precious breath,
Whispered thy child to give the kiss of Death ! ”

Another stroke of God's all-wise Providence fell on “England's Royal Scholar,” of whom it had been so truly said,—

“ His the part that his father took, earnest ever at desk and book :
His to rule with an eager heart o'er the wide domain of art.”—

R. Wilton.

No one could read the Prince's public utterances without recognising a resolute, thoughtful, and original mind, sympathetically considering the social problems of the day, and resolved to do whatever was possible towards the solution of them. Disciplined himself by frequent illness, he had learnt the best of all lessons—to sympathise with others, and had set before him the purpose to add something of beauty and joy to the weary lives of those who pass from joyless homes to unrecorded graves. “I can feel for those that suffer,” said the Prince in one of his addresses, “because I have been so long and so greatly a sufferer myself.”

And still sorrow has been mingled with joy—the common lot. The death of Prince Albert Victor, the eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, under circumstances of peculiar pathos, deeply touched the heart of the Royal Family and the nation too. His betrothal was only announced on December 7th, 1891, and in less than six weeks the anticipated wedding chimes gave place to the solemn tolling of the minute bell.*

* A Biographical In Memoriam, “Life of Prince Albert Edward,” under the title “*Ich Dien: I Serve*,” by the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D., is published at *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C. Copies have been graciously accepted by the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The Queen's letter to her people after the sad funeral was touching both in its elevation and its simplicity :—

“I must once again give expression to my deep sense of the loyalty and affectionate sympathy evinced by my subjects in every part of my Empire on an occasion more sad and tragical than any but one which has befallen me and mine, as well as the nation.

“The sympathy of millions, which has been so touchingly and visibly expressed, is deeply gratifying at such a time, and I wish, both in my own name and that of my children, to express from my heart my warm gratitude to *all*.

“These testimonies of sympathy with us, and appreciation of my dear grandson, whom I loved as a son, and whose devotion to me was as great as that of a son, will be a help and consolation to me and mine in our affliction.

“My bereavements during the last thirty years of my reign have indeed been heavy. Though the labours, anxieties, and responsibilities inseparable from my position have been great, yet it is my earnest prayer that God may continue to give me health and strength to work for the good and happiness of my dear Country and Empire while life lasts.”

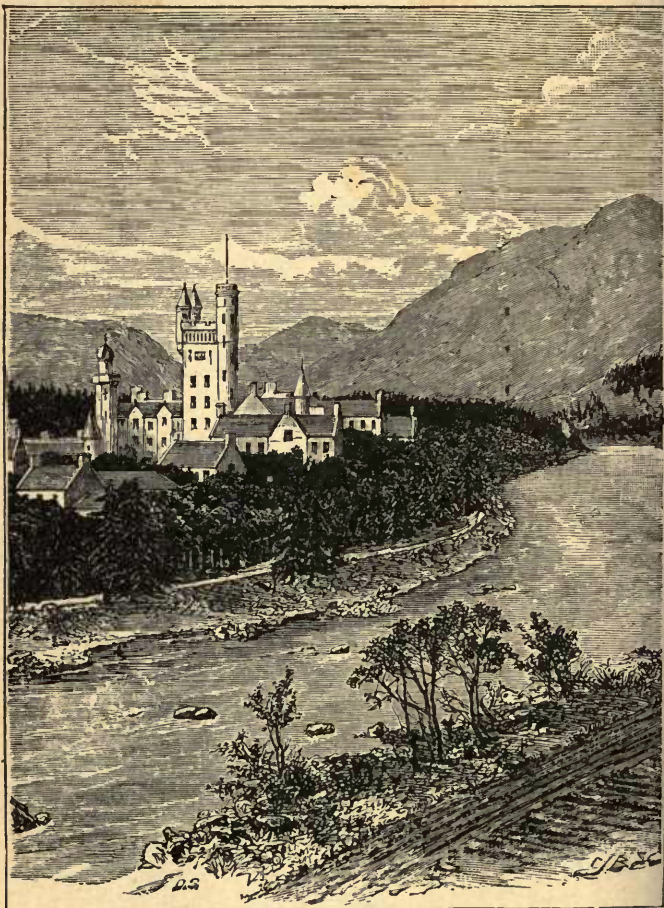
And yet one more bereavement we must chronicle,—the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg, seized so suddenly with fever in Ashantee, ending fatally on his way home. The Prince had greatly endeared himself to the Queen. The two homes had become one. Indeed, from the first it was understood that Princess Beatrice, after her marriage, would remain at her mother's side. Tennyson's words will be remembered :—

“Thou,
True daughter, whose all faithful, filial eyes
Have seen the loneliness of earthly thrones,
Wilt never quit the widow'd Crown, nor let
This later life of Love have risen in vain :

But moving thro' the Mother's home, between
The two that Love thee, lead a summer life,
Sway'd by each Love, and swaying to each Love
Like some conjectured planet in mid heaven
Between two Suns, and drawing down from both
The light and genial warmth of double day."

The one home thus shared one great sorrow—the heaviest that can befall Royal or peasant lives : the Queen and her daughter are both widows. The nation's sympathy, as ever, was deep and strong. The ties that bind us as a people to our sovereign are indeed more than national ; they are essentially domestic. There is a golden link in a chain which makes but one household of the British Empire. The Queen well knows from experience that the joys and sorrows of the Royal Family are the joys and sorrows of the country. In the hour of trial she can freely unburden herself of her sorrow, because she feels assured that it will be shared by the nation. Her royal and womanly sympathy has won sympathy, not only in the British Isles, but wherever the English tongue is spoken.





Drawn by DAVID SMALL.

BALMORAL CASTLE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE QUEEN'S JOURNAL IN THE HIGHLANDS.

King Alfred the Father of his People.—The Central “Home” of the Land.—The “Old Cairn.”—“Queen’s Weather.”—At Dunkeld.—Perilous Accident.—Kindness of Heart.—Dr. Norman Macleod.—“A Living, Personal Saviour.”—From Ballachulish to Ossian’s Cave.—The Queen’s Highlander Servant, John Brown.—Family Life.—The Queen of Hearts and Homes.



THE Queen is not England’s first Royal Author. A thousand years ago King Alfred (who in troublous days took refuge in the cottage, and to his dismay allowed the cakes to burn, and got well scolded for it) wrote several learned books ; but there was no printing press in those days to send them forth as books. Above all, this “Father of his People,” as he was rightly

called, began to translate the Psalms of David ; and we are told that he was engaged in this holy task when he died. Our Queen does not attempt to write any very learned books ; but she is gifted with no ordinary intellectual power, and her “Journals” possess a most winning charm and grace of their own. The whole nation recognises in many a passage the touch of nature that “makes us all akin”—the thoughts and actings of the same kindly, gentle heart that have shone through many a deed of pity and thoughtfulness during the years of a long and glorious reign.

The Queen delights in quiet domestic life. She notices the condition of the crofter's crops of barley and oats; she has a kindly feeling and a true sympathy for his wife and bairns; and all her servants are regarded as members of the Royal home—the central "Home" of the land. Thus it is she tells us, in the preface to "*More Leaves from a Journal of a Life in the Highlands*," that she "wishes to express her gratitude for the devotion and kindness of those around her, which contributed so much to her enjoyment of the varied scenes and objects of interest of which these pages contain the unpretending record." Indeed, the book itself is dedicated to "the simple mountaineers of bonnie Scotland, from whom she has learnt many a lesson of resignation and faith, in the pure air and quiet of the beautiful Highlands."

It is difficult to make extracts, but we will try and glean a few passages of special interest.

As an example of the delicate thoughtfulness which has endeared the rough Highland retainers to the Queen, we have—in an account of a visit on the anniversary of the Prince Consort's birthday to the "Old Cairn," to see the obelisk building to the memory of "my precious Albert," on the foundation of which "I and my poor six orphans all placed stones"—the following touching record:—

"Grant said, 'I thought you would like to be here to-day on his birthday': so entirely was he of opinion that this beloved day, and even the 14th of December, must not be looked upon as a day of mourning. That's not the light to look at it. There is so much true and strong faith in these good, simple people."

Every one knows that the Queen has a genuine English disregard for the weather, when on any errand of duty or pleasure. In England, it is true, Her Majesty has been so generally favoured, that sunshine and warmth has become proverbial for "Queen's Weather"; but in Scotland we

read continually of "misty mornings on the hill-side," "drenching rain storms," and "treacherous peat-bogs," which sometimes well-nigh engulf the hardy pony and its Royal burden. The adventurous Authoress has little dread of being overtaken by darkness, or caught in a downpour from which there is no shelter; although, on such occasions, she may be almost unattended, and possibly a long distance from home.

Scotchmen, too, should be loyally grateful to her, not only for extending "the imperial clemency" to the natural dampness of their climate, but also for her high opinion of their national cookery. Visiting Dunkeld, where the Queen stayed at the country house of a noble duchess, she says:

"Excellent breakfasts, such splendid cream and butter! The Duchess has a very good cook (a Scotchwoman), and I thought how dear Albert would have liked it all. He always said things tasted better in smaller houses. There were several Scotch dishes, two soups, and the celebrated 'haggis,' which I tried last night, and really liked very much. The Duchess was delighted at my taking it."

A serious historian records that Prince Charles Edward lost the affections and valuable assistance of half a clan by some flippant remarks on a "haggis" placed before him: and thus his great kinswoman is to be congratulated in this matter.

The stay at Dunkeld was marked by many pleasantnesses, the life being that quiet country existence so dear to our Sovereign. The Queen has an artist's eye for the beauties of nature, and a marked preference for the simplicities of life. The home of the peasant is appreciated, and amidst the cares of an empire her old friends are never forgotten. She notes that Willie Duff, the Duke's fisherman, who formerly boasted a long black beard, is now quite grey. When Mr. Small, of Dirnanearns, guides her over his beautiful territory in classic Strath Ardle, she re-

members his father, a man of immense size, and always has a good word for the little lads and lassies along the roadside.

A graphic account is given of what might have been a national calamity, on one of the Queen's excursions.

"The carriage, in a very dangerous place, began to turn up on one side. We called out, 'What's the matter?' There was an awful pause, during which Alice said: 'We are upsetting.' In another moment—during which I had time to reflect, and thought there were still things I had not settled and wanted to do—the carriage turned over on its side, and we were all precipitated to the ground! I came down very hard, with my face upon the ground, near the carriage, the horses both on the ground, and Brown calling out in despair, 'The Lord have mercy on us! I thought you were all killed!' I reassured them that I was not hurt, and urged that we should make the best of it."

After waiting half an hour, whilst another carriage was sent for, the Queen says:—"By this time I felt that my face was a good deal bruised and swollen, and, above all, my right thumb was excessively painful and much swollen; indeed, I thought at first it was broken, till we began to move it. Brown, too, had his knee a good deal hurt; he was indefatigable in his attention and care."

The Queen's kindness of heart shows itself as much in trifles as in graver matters. Here is a pretty little incident which happened in one of the driving tours. The carriage was going up the Pass of Leny, made famous in the "Legend of Montrose," when a little boy offered a bouquet on the end of a pole. The equerry in attendance, snatching at it, let it fall. "The little boy screamed, 'Stop, stop!' in such an agony of disappointment that I stopped the carriage and took it from him, to his mother's great delight."

The value the Queen attached to the friendship and ministry of Dr. Norman Macleod is recognised in many pages of her Journals. She dwells especially upon sermons

which had impressed her as being singularly adapted to her case. Perhaps she found even greater comfort in the quiet conversations in which he gave her encouragement and hope. In one of these conversations Dr. Macleod told the Queen of an old woman who had lost her husband and several of her children, and had many sorrows, and who, when asked how she had been able to bear them, answered: "When *he* was ta'en it made sic' a hole in my heart that a' other sorrows gang lichtly through." The Queen adds: "And so it is, most touchingly and truly expressed; and so it will ever be with me."

On another page we have this deeply interesting passage, referring to a conversation during Dr. Macleod's last illness:—

"He dwelt then, as always, on the love and goodness of God. . . . No one ever felt so convinced, and so anxious as he to convince others, that God was a loving Father, who wished all to come to Him, and to preach of a living personal Saviour, One who loved us as a brother and a friend, to whom all could and should come with trust and confidence. No one ever raised and strengthened one's faith more than Dr. Macleod. His own faith was so strong, his heart so large, that all—high and low, weak and strong, the erring and the good—could alike find sympathy, help, and consolation from him. How I loved to talk to him, to ask his advice, to speak to him of my sorrows, my anxieties!"

Her Majesty's love of beautiful scenery is happily shown in the following description of the drive from Ballachulish to Ossian's Cave:—

"We went on, winding under the high green hills, and entered the village of Ballachulish, where the slate quarries are, and which is inhabited by miners. It is very clean and tidy—a long, continuous, straggling, winding street, where the poor people, who all looked very clean, had decorated

every house with flowers and bunches or wreaths of heather and red cloth. Emerging from the village, we entered the Pass of Glencoe, which at the opening is beautifully green, with trees and cottages dotted about along the verdant valley. There is a farm belonging to a Mrs. MacDonald, a descendant of one of the unfortunate massacred MacDonalds. The Cona flows along the bottom of the valley, with green 'haughs,' where a few cattle are to be seen, and sheep, which graze up some of the wildest parts of this glorious glen. A sharp turn in the rough, very winding, and in some parts precipitous road, brings you to the finest, wildest, and grandest part of the pass. Stern, rugged, precipitous mountains with beautiful peaks and rocks piled high one above the other, 2,000 feet and 3,000 feet high, tower and rise up to the heaven on either side, without any signs of habitation, except where, halfway up the pass, there are some trees, and near them heaps of stones on either side of the road; remains of what once were homes, which tell the bloody, fearful tale of woe. The place itself is one which adds to the horror of the thought that such a thing could have been conceived and committed on innocent sleeping people. How and whither could they fly? Let me hope that William III. knew nothing of it.

"To the right, not far on, is seen what is called Ossian's Cave; but it must be more than 1,000 feet above the glen, and one cannot imagine how any one could live there, as they pretend that Ossian did. The violence of the torrents of snow and rain, which comes pouring down, has brought quantities of stone with them, which in many parts cover the road and make it very rough. It reminds me very much of the Devil's Bridge, St. Gothard, and the Göschenen Pass, only that is higher, but not so wild. When we came to the top, which is about ten miles from Ballachulish, we stopped and got out, and we three sat down under a low wall, just below the road, where we had a splendid view of

those peculiarly fine, wild-looking peaks, which I sketched. Their Gaelic names are Na tri Peathraichean (the Three Sisters), but in English they are often called 'Faith, Hope, and Charity.'"

The notice of the Queen's trusted servant, John Brown, forms the brief "conclusion" to the volume. His long and faithful service earned the reward that would probably have pleased him most. The Queen says:—

"A few words I must add in conclusion to this volume.

"The faithful attendant who is so often mentioned throughout these 'Leaves' is no longer with her whom he served so truly, devotedly, untiringly.

"In the fulness of health and strength he was snatched away from his career of usefulness, after an illness of only three days, on the 27th of March of this year, respected and beloved by all who recognised his rare worth and kindness of heart, and truly regretted by all who knew him.

"His loss to me (ill and helpless as I was at the time from an accident) is irreparable, for he deservedly possessed my entire confidence; and to say that he is daily, nay, hourly missed by me, whose lifelong gratitude he won by his constant care, attention, and devotion, is but a feeble expression of the truth.

'A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loyal and more loving, never beat
Within a human breast.'

"Balmoral, November, 1883."

It would be a mistake to suppose that the position occupied by this sturdy and faithful Highlander was an exceptional one in regard to length of service, and to the Queen's thoughtful and attentive kindness, to which it is evident the humblest of her domestic servants is accustomed. Again and again we are reminded in a note of her careful consideration for their services. The Queen evidently regards her domestics as members of one family, whose



VALLEY OF THE DEE, WITH DALI MORAL, FROM CRAIG-NA-BAN.

welfare and happiness are never alien or indifferent to her own. John Brown, who, as the "Leaves" remind us, is always to be considered as "on the box" in all driving excursions, deserves and wins the Queen's especial confidence and respect by his rugged and uncompromising sincerity of character, his unceasing vigilance, and by the mere fact that he is always with his Royal mistress in all her journeys and expeditions, never absent from her side, and always to be trusted; and in return for his devotedness we note how concerned the Queen is about the honest fellow's health, how pained when any accident befalls him; how tender a care she bestows on his old mother and all his relatives.

Indeed, in perusing the Queen's Journal, nothing is more characteristic than the manner in which she associates herself with the lives and condition of her poor neighbours; how she visits them in their cottages, consoles the widows, protects the orphans; how the games and pastimes of the young, the cares and sorrows of the old, partake in her watchful womanly sympathy.

Were we asked to describe in a single word the charm of these "Leaves," we should say it was their perfect *womanliness*. Would that all Englishwomen, mothers of families and mistresses of households, were equally simple in their tastes and habits, equally conscious of their homely duties, equally solicitous for the welfare of their neighbours and dependants! As a picture of pure family life, the Journals present an inspiring example; and pure family life based on religious principle is surely the foundation of flourishing and contented States. It is not only as the constitutional Sovereign of a free people that the writer of these "Leaves"—betraying, as they do, in every line a truly womanly and motherly yearning for the sympathy of her subjects—will be enshrined in the national affection, but as the Queen of hearts and homes.

Necessarily, as we have said, there is a certain sadness of tone attaching to the "Later Leaves." They take their colour throughout from the bereavement which had cast its shadow over their writer. Go where she will, she is reminded of the husband who had either been her companion in some former expedition, or would have sympathised in her pleasures had he been still spared to her. And in presence of that grief we are reminded, though not by her, of the efforts which the duties of her high position have imposed; and we can enter into the sacrifices of personal feelings under which she has struggled to discharge them.

But, beyond this, we recognise with special thankfulness the satisfactory evidence which these pages afford of the Queen's realization of the true comfort which only Christian faith can bring to sorrow-stricken or sin-stricken hearts. There is a fulness and a depth of meaning in the Queen's earnest and simple words when she expresses her appreciation of Dr. Norman Macleod's ministry as pointing so distinctly to "a loving and personal Saviour," which will cause every Christian mind to rejoice that, as with the Prince Consort, so with herself, the simple Gospel of the grace of God is dear to her :

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."





From a Photograph]

[by GUSTAVE MULLINS, Ryde,

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

CHAPTER X.

ROYAL ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS.

Early Rescue.—A Music Lesson.—A Good Listener.—The Royal Confirmation.—Kindly Thought.—Eighteenth Birthday.—The Fairest Flower of May.—Early Years of the Queen.—The Poets' Corner.—The Duke of Wellington.—The Queen's "Obedience."—Punctuality.—Royal Thrift.—Pricking a Sheriff.—Exactitude and Principle.—"A Bonnie Leddie."—The Day of Rest.—"Pardoned."—Presence of Mind.—The Queen in Peril.—Dangerous Yachting Adventure of the Queen.—The Queen and Expediency.—The Queen and Sunday Scholars.—Youthful Wit.—The Madagascar Christians.—The Queen's Servant.—"What is 'Intil't'?"

Early Rescue of "Little Drina."



ON one occasion the Princess, when about eighteen months old, was nearly killed by the upsetting of her little pony carriage. A private soldier, named Maloney, claimed the honour of having saved England's future sovereign on this occasion. He was walking through Kensington Gardens, when he saw a very small pony carriage, in which was seated a child. The pony was led by a page, a lady walked on one side, and a young woman beside the chaise. A large water dog having got between the pony's legs, the startled pony made a sudden plunge on one side, and brought the wheels of the carriage on to the pathway. The child was thrown out head downwards, and would in a moment have been crushed beneath the weight of the carriage, then toppling

over, had not Maloney grasped her dress before she came to the ground, and swung her into his arms. He restored her to the lady, and was praised by a number of persons, who speedily collected, for rescuing "the little Drina," as the child was called. He was told to follow the carriage to the Palace, where he received a guinea, and the thanks of the Duchess of Kent, for "saving the life of her dear child, the Princess Alexandrina." Such was the statement of Maloney, made late in life, and published in the daily journals.

A Music Lesson.

On one occasion, the Princess objected to that dull, mechanical practising of notes, which the young learner of the pianoforte has perforce to undergo. She was told that this was necessary before she could become mistress of the instrument.

"What would you think of me," she asked, "if I became mistress at once?" She was told that that would be impossible; there was no Royal road to music. "Oh, there is no Royal road to music, eh?" repeated the Princess. "No Royal road? Am I not mistress of my pianoforte? But I will be, I assure you; and the Royal road is this"—whereupon she closed the piano, locked it, and took out the key. "There!" she continued, "that's being mistress of the piano. And the Royal road to learning is never to take a lesson till you're in the humour to do it."

This, however, was spoken more out of a sense of fun than from any spirit of opposition; for, immediately afterwards, her Royal Highness resumed the interrupted lesson.

A Good Listener.

One Sunday at Esher Church, when the Princess was about six years old, Miss Jane Porter, the well-known author of "The Scottish Chiefs," who sat opposite the Royal pew,

noticed a wasp skimming backwards and forwards over the head and before the unveiled summer bonnet of the little Princess. "I could not," she writes, "forbear watching the dangerous insect, fearing it might sting her face. She, totally unobserving it, had meanwhile fixed her eyes on the clergyman, who had taken his place in the pulpit to preach the sermon, and she never withdrew them thence for a moment during his whole discourse.

"Next day, a lady, personally intimate at Claremont, called at our humble little abode, and I remarked to her the scene I had witnessed the preceding morning at church; wondering what could possibly have engaged the young Princess's attention so unrecedingly to the face of the Rev. Dr. —, a person totally unknown to her, and whose countenance, though expressive of good sense, was wiry and rough-hewn, and could present nothing pleasing enough to fix the eyes of a child. 'It was not himself that attracted her fixed eyes,' replied our visitor; 'it was the sermon he was preaching. For it is a custom with her illustrious instructress to inquire of the Princess, not only the text of the discourse, but also the heads of its leading subjects. Hence she neither saw the wasp when in front of her, nor heard the whisking of the protective handkerchief behind her. Her whole mind was bound up in her task—a rare faculty of concentration in any individual, therefore more wonderful in one hardly beyond infancy. And with a most surprising understanding of the subjects, she never fails performing her task in a manner that might grace much older years.'"

The Royal Confirmation.

On the 30th of August, 1835, the Princess Victoria was confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. In addition to the Princess and the Duchess of Kent, only the

King, Queen Adelaide, and the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, with some other members of the Royal Family, were present.

The scene was very touching. We read that the young Princess exhibited great marks of sensibility during the beautiful and pathetic exhortation in which the Archbishop represented to her the great responsibility attaching to her high station ; and when he spoke of the struggle she must prepare for between the world and Heaven, and, above all, of the absolute necessity of her looking up to the King of kings for counsel and support in all the trials that awaited her, her composure gradually gave way, till at length she was bathed in tears, and, unable to subdue the violence of her emotion, she laid her head upon her mother's shoulder and sobbed aloud. The Duchess of Kent was scarcely less affected, while the King and Queen were also much moved.

Kindly Thought.

A man named Hillman, who served in the capacity of porter to the late Duke of Kent, and who was accustomed to assist the Queen, when a child, into the carriage, had been pensioned by the Duchess of Kent. He was not a little gratified by receiving a nod of recognition from Her Majesty whenever he happened to pass her carriage.

The aged pensioner had a daughter much afflicted, having been confined to her bed for eight years. On the evening of the King's funeral the daughter was equally surprised and pleased, to receive from Queen Victoria a present of the Psalms of David. Within the volume was a marker worked by herself, with a dove, the emblem of peace, in the centre. It pointed to the fifty-first Psalm, which Her Majesty requested she would read ; expressing a hope that its frequent perusal might bring an increase of peace to her mind.

The early habit of "considering the poor," cultivated by the Duchess of Kent, has ever distinguished the Queen.

Eighteenth Birthday.

The eighteenth birthday of the Princess was an occasion of intense joy to the nation. We are told that "on every side, in city and suburb, in town and country, in public and private, the notes of hope, and joy, and affection, burst in musical concord upon the ear. Innumerable tributes of national affection were openly presented; but infinitely greater in number were the prayers and the wishes poured forth on that day in the privacy of the closet, or in the social family meetings." Her Royal Highness was greeted in the early dawn by a serenade of vocal music, under the window of her room. One of the pieces, which we are enabled to give, was entitled

The Fairest Flower of May.

"Spring renews its golden dreams,
Sweet birds carol 'neath each spray;
Shed, O sun! thy milder beams
On the fairest flower of May.

Lightly o'er our early rose,
Angels pure, your wings display;
When the storm of sorrow blows,
Shield the fairest flower of May.

Minstrels of a free-born land,
Let one thrilling note repay
Her whose fond maternal hand
Reared the fairest flower of May.

Hers the toil of anxious years,
Hers the glory of this day;
Hers the Nation's grateful tears
For the fairest flower of May."

Early Years of the Queen.

In a volume of great interest recently published—the "Journals and Letters of Caroline Fox"—some reminiscences of the early years of Her Majesty throw

considerable light upon the rare intelligence and fine qualities which she then displayed—the earnest of her Queenly life ever since.

We have, for example, the speech recorded of the Duchess of Kent to her child :—“ I am anxious to bring you up as a good woman, and then you will be a good Queen also.” “ The care observed in the Princess’s education,” writes Miss Fox, “ is exemplary, and everything is indeed done to bring about this result. She is a good linguist, an acute foreign politician, and possesses very sound common sense.” The accomplishments of Her Majesty as a linguist and politician are indeed remarkable. She has always possessed a real control over the Foreign Office. Sir Robert Peel was very careful to explain to her that while a constitutional monarch, she had a real, independent, substantial power of her own. This is best seen in the well-known and remarkable letter which she addressed to Lord John Russell in regard to the conduct of Lord Palmerston—“ The Queen expects to be informed of what passes between him (Lord Palmerston) and the Foreign Ministers before important decisions are taken based upon that intercourse ; to receive the foreign despatches in good time ; and to have the drafts for her approval sent to her in sufficient time to make herself acquainted with their contents before they are sent off. The Queen thinks it best that Lord John Russell should show this letter to Lord Palmerston.”

Lord Campbell, when Solicitor-General, met the Princess Victoria at dinner at Kensington Palace, when she was quite a young girl. “ She seems in good health, and looks lively and good humoured. She is very graceful in her manners. She appeared in the drawing-room before dinner, and we found her there when we returned. Those about her were loud in her praises. Her life is very valuable, for if the Duke of Cumberland were next heir a revolution would be inevitable.”

The Duke of Cumberland was not a gracious man, and, we are afraid, not a good man ; there was a great deal of unpleasant mystery about him ; but we think that even in those violent days of reform the apprehension of a revolution was an exaggerated one. Very soon after the accession, Campbell (now Mr. Attorney) had an invitation to dine with Her Majesty "at seven." "The Queen was exceedingly civil to me, and said that she had heard from the Duchess of Gloucester that I had the most beautiful children in the world. She asked me how many we had, and when she heard *seven* seemed rather appalled, considering this a number she would never be able to reach." The sagacious Campbell comes to the conclusion, "All flattery apart, the Queen is certainly a most extraordinary young woman."

Here is a very interesting reference to Her Majesty and Lord Melbourne :—"I witnessed a burst of feeling for which I was not prepared. He was talking of the Queen having said to him, among the first things she uttered after her accession, that her father's debts must be paid. In repeating this declaration he shed tears, and was much affected."

One of the great charms of Her Majesty has always been her voice. To the initiated the voice is always the clearest and most unfailing index of character. In contemporary literature we have repeated notes of admiration for this pure and peerless voice. "Lady de Dunstanville was in the House of Peers when the Queen first appeared. It was a most imposing sight. Her voice was full, clear, and sweet, and most distinctly heard." Passages of this kind might be multiplied. Miss Fox gives some very pleasing incidents of the early days. "Uncle Charles dined with us. He was delighted and dazzled by the display on the Queen's day, mentioned a right merry quibble, perpetrated by my Lord Albemarle, who, on Her Majesty saying, 'I wonder if my good people of London are as glad to see me as I am to see

them?' pointed out as their immediate Cockney answer to the quibble, 'V.R.'"

The Poets' Corner.

An amusing story is related of Campbell the poet. At Her Majesty's Coronation he wrote to the Earl Marshal, saying: "There is a place in the Abbey called 'The Poets' Corner,' which suggests the possibility of there being room in it for living poets also." This gained him a ticket of admission; and he was so delighted with the young Queen's bearing, that he thus gave expression to his admiration.

"On returning home I resolved, out of pure esteem and veneration, to send her a copy of all my works. Accordingly, I had them bound up, and went personally with them to Sir Henry Wheatley, who, when he understood my errand, told me that Her Majesty made it a rule to decline presents of this kind, as it placed her under obligations which were not pleasant to her. 'Say to Her Majesty, Sir Henry,' I replied, 'that there is nothing which the Queen can touch with her sceptre in any of her dominions which I covet; and I therefore entreat you to present them with my devotion as a subject.' But the next day they were returned. I hesitated to open the parcel, but on doing so I found, to my inexpressible joy, a note inclosed desiring my autograph on them. Having complied with this wish, I again transmitted the books to Her Majesty, and in the course of a day or two received in return this elegant portrait engraving, with Her Majesty's autograph, as you see, below."

The Duke of Wellington.

An amusing anecdote is told of the Queen at the time when every one was speculating on her marriage. It was gravely reported that in an interview with Her Majesty

Lord Melbourne had represented to the Sovereign the advisability of her marriage, and had begged her to say whether there was any person for whom she entertained a preference. Her Majesty deigned to acknowledge that there was one man for whom she could conceive a regard—and that was Arthur, Duke of Wellington !

If this anecdote were as true as it is good, it bore testimony to the sly humour of the Queen.

The Queen's "Obedience."

When the arrangements were in progress for the Royal wedding, it is said that the Archbishop of Canterbury waited upon her Majesty, and inquired if it were her wish that any alteration should be made in that portion of the Service appointed in the Liturgy for the solemnization of matrimony which included the promise of "obedience"—a curious promise for the Sovereign of Great Britain to make to her newly naturalized subject Prince Albert, who had just taken the oath to her as his liege lady. The Queen, according to the report, replied that "it was her wish to be married in all respects like any other woman, according to the revered usages of the Church of England, and that, though not as a *queen*, as a *woman* she was ready to promise all things contained in that portion of the Liturgy."

Punctuality.

A certain high and noble lady, who had been appointed to a place of great distinction about the Royal person, did not observe with strict punctuality her hours of official duty. On the second or third morning that this circumstance occurred Her Majesty received her noble attendant with her watch in her hand.

"I am afraid I have unfortunately been the occasion of detaining your Majesty," observed her ladyship in an apologetic tone,

"Yes, full ten minutes," rejoined the Queen, gravely ; "and I beg this want of punctuality may not happen again."

Then, perceiving that her ladyship, in the agitation caused by this reproof, experienced some embarrassment in the arrangement of her shawl, Her Majesty, as if to prove that no unkind feeling had prompted her remark, condescended to assist her with her own hand, observing with great sweetness as she did so, "We shall all become more perfect in our duties in time, I hope."

Royal Thrift.

A curious but important domestic reform was soon inaugurated in the Royal household at Windsor. At the suggestion of Her Majesty, all the unused bread of the various departments, which amounted to an enormous quantity in the course of the year, and which had hitherto been disposed of in an unsatisfactory manner, was directed to be given in future to the inmates of the several almshouses within the burgh of Windsor. A visitor at the Castle has referred to the enormous preparation and expense which were going forward every day, and to the strange sight which the Royal kitchen almost daily presented.

"The fire was more like Nebuchadnezzar's 'burning fiery furnace' than anything else I can think of; and though there is now no company at Windsor, there were at least fifteen or twenty large joints of meat roasting. Charles Murray told me that last year they fed at dinner 113,000 people. It sounds perfectly incredible; but every day a correct list is kept of the number of mouths fed; and this does not include the suppers, etc., etc., but merely dinners."

Pricking a Sheriff.

Lord Campbell records an amusing incident which occurred at Court in February, 1847: "I had an audience,"

says his lordship, who was then Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, "that Her Majesty might prick a sheriff for the county of Lancaster, which she did in proper style, with the bodkin I put into her hand. I then took her pleasure about some duchy livings and withdrew, forgetting to make her sign the parchment roll. I obtained a second audience, and explained the mistake. While she was signing, Prince Albert said to me: 'Pray, my lord, when did this ceremony of pricking begin?' *Campbell*—'In ancient times, sir, when sovereigns did not know how to write their names.' *Queen* (as she returned me the roll with her signature): 'But we now show we have been to school.'"

Exactitude and Principle.

On one occasion, when Lord Melbourne was anxious to obtain the Queen's signature to an important State document, he argued for it with all the force and eloquence at his command. But the Sovereign had resolved upon having further information before affixing her signature. It was in vain that he explained and argued: and in the end, when he pleaded the "paramount importance" of the matter, he was met by the reply:—

"It is with me a matter of paramount importance whether or not I attach my signature to a document with which I am not thoroughly satisfied."

"A Bonnie Leddie."

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder has preserved some of the humorous incidents of the Queen's entry into Edinburgh in his memorial of the Sovereign's first visit to Scotland. He states that on Castle Hill an elderly woman succeeded by a *coup de main et de force* in making her way past the

guards; and having most unceremoniously passed through the party in attendance on Her Majesty, she exclaimed in a convulsive state of excitement: "Oh, will ye no let me see the Queen?" The military pushed her back, but she was not to be so easily beaten. She again squeezed forward until she stood within a yard of the royal carriage. "Hech, sirs!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "is that the Queen? is that the Queen? Weel, what have I no seen this day? Eh! but she's a bonnie leddie!" The poor woman had not only seen the Queen, but she was gratified by the Queen's recognition of herself.

Another anecdote is told in illustration of the Queen's quickness of observation and condescension on all such public occasions. A gentleman who lived near Edinburgh said to his servant on the evening of the Queen's first visit to the city, "Well, John, did you see the Queen?" "Troth did I that, sir." "Well, what did you think of her, John?" "Troth, sir, I was terrible feared afore she came forrit—my heart was amaist in my mouth; but whan she did come forrit, I wasna feared at a'; I jist looked at her, an' she lookit at me, an' she bowed her heid to me, an' I bowed my heid to her. Aye, she's a raal fine leddie, wi' fient a bit o' pride about her at a'."

The Day of Rest.

A story is told of the early days of the Queen's reign which affords a lesson to all who needlessly deprive others of the Rest Day. Late one Saturday night one of the Ministers arrived at Windsor.

"I have brought down for your Majesty's inspection," said he, "some documents of great importance. But as I shall be obliged to trouble you to examine them in detail, I will not encroach on the time of your Majesty to-night, but will request your attention to-morrow morning."



VIEW FROM THE LIBRARY WINDOW, WINDSOR CASTLE.

"To-morrow morning!" repeated the Queen. "To-morrow is Sunday, my lord."

"True, your Majesty, but business of the State will not admit of delay."

"I am aware of that," replied the Queen; "and as your lordship could not have arrived earlier at the Palace to-night, I will, if the papers are of such pressing importance, attend to their contents to-morrow morning."

Next morning the Queen and the Court went to church, and so did the noble lord; and the subject of the sermon was "The Christian Sabbath: its duties and obligations."

After the service the Queen inquired, "How did your lordship like the sermon?"

"Very much, indeed, your Majesty," was the answer of the nobleman.

"Well, then," said the Queen, "I will not conceal from you that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be improved by the sermon."

Not a word was said during the whole of the day about the State papers: but when the Queen wished her Minister good-night, she said, "To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please; as early as seven, if you like, we will look into those papers."

"I could not think of intruding upon your Majesty at so early an hour," was the reply; "nine o'clock will be quite soon enough."

And at nine o'clock the next morning he found the Queen ready to receive him.

"Pardoned."

Some of the Queen's duties were particularly painful to her loving heart. Before Parliament relieved her of the necessity, she had to sign the death-warrant of all prisoners

sentenced to suffer capital punishment. It is said that this always caused her great distress; and that frequently she begged that the lives of the offenders might be spared. On one occasion she wrote PARDONED across the fatal scroll, her hand trembling with eagerness and emotion.

Presence of Mind.

On Easter Monday, April 20th, 1840, the first year of their married life, the Prince Consort met with an accident that might have had serious consequences. He was riding in the Home Park, when his horse became unmanageable, and ran away at full speed. The Prince tried to stop him, and turned him several times; but at last the horse brushed against a tree, and his rider was thrown. The Queen, who was looking on, wrote in her Journal:—"Oh, how thankful I felt that it was no worse! His anxiety was all for me, not for himself!" The Prince said afterwards that Victoria was the only person present who maintained composure and presence of mind.

The Queen in Peril.

The Queen's courage is a noteworthy feature of her character, and it has been painfully put to the test by the repeated attempts upon her life.

After the first attempt of Francis to shoot Prince Albert (the Queen being with him at the time), Her Majesty still insisted upon driving out on the following day. She "never could have existed," she herself said afterwards, "under the uncertainty of a concealed attack. She would much rather run the immediate risk at any time than have the presentiment of danger constantly hovering over her."

In this case the threatened danger befell her. The miscreant Francis, who had been almost unnoticed before, when his pistol missed fire, again appeared, and fired his

pistol about five or six paces off the carriage, happily without hitting any one. The Queen's courage was unshaken, and she went out again in the evening to show herself to her subjects.

On this occasion, with that generous consideration which has always distinguished Her Majesty, she would not permit her female attendants to accompany her, in accordance with the usual practice, on her dangerous drive. Lady Bloomfield, who was then Miss Liddell, one of the maids-of-honour in waiting, has described how Her Majesty's attendants waited at home all the afternoon, expecting a summons, which never came, to go the usual drive. The Queen went out with the Prince alone, and when they came back the news of the second dastardly attempt spread through the palace. To Miss Liddell her royal mistress said : " I dare say, Georgy, you were surprised at not driving with me this afternoon ; but the fact was, that as we returned from church yesterday a man presented a pistol at the carriage window, which flashed in the pan. We were so taken by surprise that he had time to escape ; so I knew what was hanging over me, and I was determined to expose no life but my own."

Dangerous Yachting Adventure of the Queen.

It may be interesting to recall the fact that the Queen can look back upon at least one dangerous maritime adventure. Cruising off the Isle of Wight in the yacht *Emerald*, while she was yet the Princess Victoria, the breeze freshened into a gale, and before the vessel could get into Cowes roads the decks were swept fore and aft. The coming Queen, however, undauntedly remained a witness of the stirring scene. Suddenly a squall took the *Emerald* aback, and crack went the topmast immediately above the cap. The pilot, Mr. Saunders, quick as thought, sprang to where

the Princess was standing, and lifted her in his arms to a more safe position farther aft; the next moment crash came the topmast down just where the Queen had originally stationed herself.

But for the prompt action of Mr. Saunders the Queen would probably have lost her life. Indeed, Her Majesty long ago acknowledged that the escape was something to be thankful for. The pilot, at her instance, was promoted to be a master; and when she became Queen of England he was early invited to Court. Moreover, at the death of Mr. Saunders some few years after, Her Majesty made considerable provision for his wife and family.

The Queen and Expediency.

From the first Her Majesty evinced her resolve to give her whole mind to the duties of her high station. She felt the responsibilities which rested upon her. Returning from her first Council, we are told she threw herself into a chair, and was absorbed in thought for some minutes. Then addressing herself to the Duchess of Kent, she said: "I can scarcely believe that I am Queen of England; but I suppose I really am so; and in time I shall become accustomed to the change." And then the youthful Queen asked, as her first Royal request, to be left for two hours alone. Such seasons of retirement were often sought, and the result was seen in the devotion of Her Majesty to her public duties.

Her Prime Minister once said he could not place a single document in the Queen's hand for signature but she first asked an infinite variety of questions respecting it: and not unfrequently declined to sign her name until she had taken time to consider the matter.

On one occasion, having submitted some act of Government for Her Majesty's approval, he was proceeding to

urge the *expediency* of the measure, when he was stopped short by the Queen, who observed with firmness :—"I have been taught, my lord, to judge between what is right and what is wrong ; but *expediency* is a word I neither wish to hear nor to understand."

The Queen and Sunday Scholars.

Mr. John Macgregor (Rob Roy) writes :—

"Some years ago I went to Manchester to see a meeting of Sunday-school Scholars, when the Queen had promised to visit the place. On a wide field was an enormous balcony, like a vast dock for ships, with tier over tier of wooden seats. The children marched in 'fours,' and they took three hours to assemble. Then there were 80,000 of them present, besides 10,000 teachers. Sixteen tall pulpits each had a man with a bugle, and as Her Majesty drove into our midst, the whole multitude pealed forth the National Anthem, and the Queen of England stood up in her carriage and wept in deep emotion. Glad am I to know that our good Sovereign used to have her children, in their younger days, every morning to read the Bible, and then she prayed with them, and for them, and for the nation, 'and this prayer was not from any book.'"

Youthful Wit.

Royal personages can make puns as well as others - our own Royal Family being no exception. The Queen, when Princess Victoria, was one day reading Roman history to her preceptress, the Baroness Lehzen. She was at that part where a Roman lady having visited Cornelia, "the mother of the Gracchi," after the custom of the time, displayed her casket of precious jewels, and then called upon the Roman matron to return the compliment, when Cornelia proudly brought forward her children, exclaiming with maternal

pride—"Behold my jewels." The Princess Victoria, who was then only a little girl, laid down her book, and, looking archly into the face of the Baroness, said: "Jewels! then I suppose they must have been Cornelians."

The Madagascar Christians.

At an anniversary of the London Missionary Society, the Rev. W. Ellis, in giving an account of his visit to Madagascar, said that in the draft sent out from England of a proposed treaty of amity and commerce between England and Madagascar, there occurred in the margin these remarkable words: "*Queen Victoria asks, as a personal favour to herself, that the Queen of Madagascar will allow no persecution of the Christians.*" In the treaty, which was signed a month before he came over, there occurred these words: "In accordance with the wish of Queen Victoria, the Queen of Madagascar engages there shall be no persecution of the Christians in Madagascar."

The Queen's Servant.

The Queen, while visiting Edinburgh, attended by an equerry and a lady-in-waiting, drove to Roseland cemetery, in the neighbourhood of the Scottish capital, to visit the grave of a young Italian dressing-maid, over which she had erected a chaste and simple monument, and who seems to have won, to a remarkable degree, the affection of her Royal mistress. Her Majesty visits the cemetery every time the Court is in Edinburgh. Whereupon an English paper remarks: "England's Queen paying the heart's homage at the tomb of a humble domestic, and calling to remembrance the affectionate servant which she had lost! thus exercising her own heart with the solemn realities of eternity. The spectacle was one of affecting interest, and will strike into the deepest recesses of the loyal hearts of Victoria's subjects."

"What is 'Intil't'?"

During one of the earlier visits of the Royal Family at Balmoral, the late Prince Consort, dressed in a very simple manner, was crossing one of the Scotch lakes in a steamer. He was curious to note everything relating to the management of the vessel, and among other things the cooking. Approaching the "galley," where a brawny Highlander was attending to the culinary matters, he was attracted by the savoury odours of a compound known by Scotchmen as "hodge-podge," which the Highlander was preparing.

"What is that?" asked the Prince, who was not known to the cook.

"Hodge-podge, sir," was the reply.

"How is it made?" was the next question.

"Why, there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and carrots intil't, and——"

"Yes, yes," said the Prince,—who had not learnt that "intil't" meant "into it," expressed by the contraction "intil't,"—"but what is 'intil't'?"

"Why, there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and carrots intil't, and——"

"Yes, I see; but what is 'intil't'?"

The man looked at him, and seeing that the Prince was serious, he replied,—

"There's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and——"

"Yes, certainly, I know," urged the inquirer; "but what is 'intil't—intil't'?"

"Why," yelled the Highlander, brandishing his big spoon, "am I na tellin' ye what's intil't? There's mutton intil't, and——"

Here the interview was brought to a close by one of the Prince's suite, who stepped in to explain matters to the Highlander, who opened his mouth with stupid wonder at the possibility that a wise man like himself should not at once have known that it was the Prince.



THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

From the picture by WINTERHALTER.

“‘Victoria,’ writes the Queen, ‘plays with my old bricks, and I see her running and jumping—as old, though I fear still little, Victoria of former days used to do. It puts me so in mind of myself when I was ‘the little Princess.’”

CHAPTER XI.

ROYAL ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS (*continued*).

The Great Exhibition, 1851.—The Queen at Divine Service.—Visit to Old People at Balmoral.—The Queen's Daily Work.—The Duke of Kent.—The Queen in the Cottage.—The Dahomean Slave-Girl.—The Queen and the Highland Child.—What "Loyalty" is.—The Victorian Post.—The Queen's Father.—The Prince of Wales : a Royal Lesson.—"A Christmas Gift from Alexandra."—"The Queen has Outlived."—Wages, Work and Food in 1837.—The Dinner-board in 1896.—The Old Cairn.—Dr. Norman Macleod.—The Queen and the Bible.—A Royal Present.—Prince Albert Victor's Early Death.—The Prince's Autograph.

The Great Exhibition, 1851.



THE Queen herself gives a graphic account of the ceremonial observed at the opening of the Great Exhibition. The following are brief extracts :—

"The glimpse of the transept through the iron gates, the waving palms, flowers, statues, myriads of people filling the galleries and seats around, with the flourish of trumpets as we entered, gave us a sensation which I can never forget, and I felt much moved. In a few seconds we proceeded, Albert leading me, having Vicky at his hand, and Bertie holding mine. The sight as we came to the middle, where the steps and chair (which I did *not* sit on) were placed, with the beautiful crystal fountain just in front of it, was so vast, so glorious, so touching. One felt, as so many did

whom I have since spoken to—filled with devotion, more so than by any service I have ever heard. The tremendous cheers, the joy expressed in every face, the immensity of the building, the mixture of palms, flowers, trees, statues, fountains—the organ (with 200 instruments and 600 voices, which sounded like nothing), and my beloved husband, the author of this ‘Peace Festival,’ which united the industry of all nations of the earth—all this was moving indeed, and it was and is a day to live for ever. God bless my dearest Albert! God bless my dearest country, which has shown itself so great to-day! One felt so grateful to the great God, who seemed to pervade all and to bless all! The only event it in the slightest degree reminded me of was the Coronation, but this day’s festival was a thousand times superior. In fact, it is unique, and can bear no comparison, from its peculiarity, beauty, and combination of such different and striking objects. I mean the slight resemblance only as to its solemnity; the enthusiasm and cheering too were much more touching, for in a church naturally all is silent.

“Albert left my side after ‘God save the Queen’ had been sung, and at the head of the commissioners—a curious assemblage of political and distinguished men—read me the report, which is a long one, and to which I read a short answer. After this the Archbishop of Canterbury offered up a short and appropriate prayer, followed by the ‘Hallelujah Chorus.’

“The return to the Palace was equally satisfactory; the crowd most enthusiastic, the order perfect. That we felt happy—thankful—I need not say; proud of all that had passed, of my darling husband’s success, and of the behaviour of my good people. I was more impressed than I can say by the scene. It was one that can never be effaced from my memory, and never will be from that of any one who witnessed it. Albert’s name is immortalized,

and the wicked and absurd reports of dangers of every kind which a set of people spread are silenced. It is therefore doubly satisfactory that all should have gone off so well, and without the slightest accident or mishap. . . .

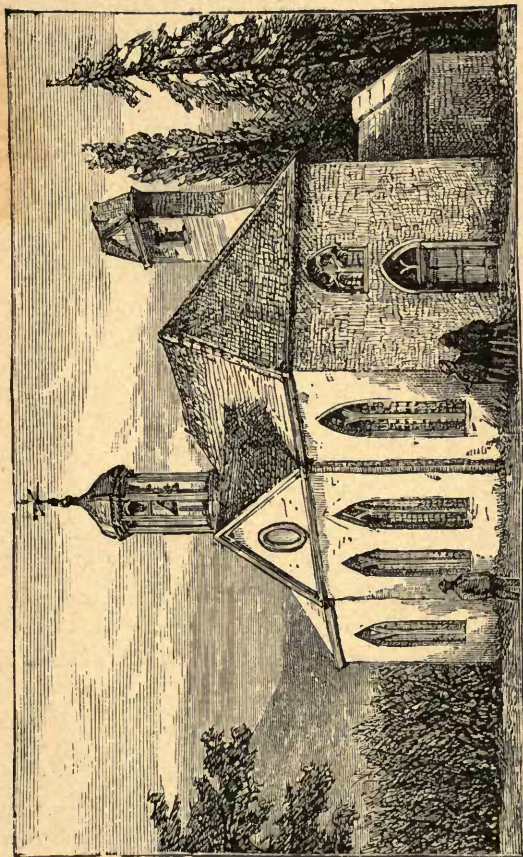
“Albert’s emphatic words last year, when he said that the feeling would be ‘*that of deep thankfulness to the Almighty for the blessings which He has bestowed upon us here below,*’ have been this day realized.”

The Queen at Divine Service.

“October 14th, 1855.—To kirk at twelve o’clock. The Rev. J. Caird, one of the most celebrated preachers in Scotland, performed the service, and electrified all present by a most admirable and beautiful sermon, which lasted nearly an hour, but kept one’s attention rivetted. The text was from the 12th chapter of Romans and the 11th verse—‘Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.’ He explained, in the most beautiful and simple manner, what real religion is; how it ought to pervade every action of our lives; not a thing only for Sundays, or for our closet; not to drive us from the world; not ‘a perpetual moping over good books,’ but ‘being and doing good,’ letting everything be done in a Christian spirit. It was as fine as Mr. Macleod’s sermon last year, and sent us home much edified.”—*The Queen’s Journal.*

The Queen’s Visit to Old People at Balmoral.

“Mrs. P. Farquharson walked round with us to some of the cottages to show me where the poor people lived, and to tell them who I was. Before we went into any, we met an old woman, who, Mrs. Farquharson said, was very poor, eighty-eight years of age. I gave her a warm petticoat, and the tears rolled down her old cheeks, and she shook



OLD CRATHIE CHURCH, BALMORAL:
NOW THE SITE OF THE NEW CHURCH.

my hands, and prayed God to bless me. It was very touching.

"I went into an old cabin of old Kitty Kear's, who is eighty-six years old, quite erect, and who welcomed us with a great air of dignity. She sat down and spun. I gave her also a warm petticoat. She said, 'May the Lord ever attend ye and yours, here and hereafter; and may the Lord be a Guide to ye, and keep ye from all harm!' She was quite surprised at Vicky's (Princess Royal) height; great interest is taken in her. We went on to a cottage to visit the old Widow Symons, who is 'past fourscore,' with a nice rosy face, but was bent quite double; she was most friendly, shaking hands with us all, asking which was me, and repeating many kind blessings—'May the Lord attend ye with mirth and with joy: may He ever be with ye in this world, and when ye leave it!' To Vicky, when told she was going to be married, she said, 'May the Lord be a Guide to ye in your future, and may every happiness attend ye!' She was very talkative; and when I said I hoped to see her again, she expressed an expectation that 'she should be called any day,' and so did Kitty Kear.

"We went into three other cottages; to Mrs. Symons's (daughter-in-law to the old widow living next door), who had an unwell boy; then across a little turn to another old woman's; and afterwards peeped into Blair the fiddler's. We drove back again to visit old Mrs. Grant, who is so tidy and clean, and to whom I gave a dress and handkerchief. She said, 'You're too kind to me; you're o'er kind to me; ye give me more every year, and I get older every year.' After talking some time with me, she said, 'I am happy to see you looking so nice.' She had tears in her eyes, and speaking of Vicky's going, said, 'I'm very sorry, and I think she is sorry hersel';' and having said she feared she would not see her (the Princess) again, added, 'I'm very sorry I said that, but I mean no harm; I always say what I

think, not what is fut' (fit). Dear old lady ; she is such a pleasant person.

"Really the affection of these good people, who are so hearty and so happy to see you, taking interest in everything, is very touching and gratifying."—*The Queen's Journal*.

The Queen's Daily Work.

Mrs. Emma Leslie says, in her interesting "Life" of the Queen :—

"The daily work of the Sovereign, in looking over despatches from various parts of the United Kingdom, and our dependencies and colonies, to say nothing of those constantly arriving from the various Continental Courts, involves no small amount of mental wear and tear ; for, to keep abreast of this work, it is needful to its proper discharge that the Queen should possess a knowledge of antecedent circumstances and side issues, before a decision can be arrived at.

"It was the rule in the royal household, during the Prince Consort's life, for the Prince to be up early, and go through all the despatches that had arrived, if possible, before the Queen came down. Their writing-tables stood close together, and when she came in he would explain all that needed explanation. Then they would sit down and work together, often having to give the closest attention to the matter in hand, so as to get through all the needful work before some public duty."

When the Queen is staying at Balmoral there is a private telegraph wire direct from the Castle to London, which is working from morning till night. Every morning at ten o'clock a messenger is despatched with Cabinet boxes and a mass of papers and correspondence for her Majesty, from either Whitehall or Buckingham Palace to Balmoral. He reaches the Castle late at night, and the cases are dealt with by the Queen on the following morning, so that the

boxes, papers, and replies to letters, such as cannot be answered by telegraph, are sent back the same afternoon, leaving Balmoral about two o'clock, and arriving at Euston Square between seven and eight o'clock on the following morning, or less than forty-six hours from the time they were originally sent off from London.

The Duke of Kent.

The Duke of Kent died at Sidmouth from inflammation, the result of a cold, in 1820. In his Life we meet with incidents showing his truly religious character. His biographer writes :—

“Two or three evenings previous to his visit to Sidmouth, I was at Kensington Palace. On my rising to take leave, the Duke intimated his wish that I should see the infant Princess in her crib, adding, ‘As it may be some time before we meet again, I should like you to see the child and give her your blessing.’ The Duke preceded me into the little Princess’s room, and on my closing a short prayer, that as she grew in years she might grow in grace and favour both with God and man, nothing could exceed the fervour and feeling with which he responded in an emphatic ‘Amen.’ Then, with no slight emotion, he continued, ‘Don’t pray simply that hers may be a brilliant career, and exempt from those trials and struggles which have pursued her father ; but pray that God’s blessing may rest on her, that it may overshadow her, and that in all her coming years she may be guided and guarded by God.’ That prayer was offered.”

The Queen in the Cottage.

The Rev. Dr. Guthrie tells us that, when in the neighbourhood of Balmoral, he was asked to visit a widow, who, but a short time previously, had been bereaved of her husband—a plain, humble, but pious man—who had been an elder in the Free Church congregation there. Her home was a

cottage within the Queen's grounds. "Within these walls the Queen had stood, with her kind hands smoothing the thorns of a dying man's pillow. There, left alone with him at her own request, she had sat by the bed of death—a queen ministering to the comfort of a saint—preparing one of her humblest subjects to meet the Sovereign of us all. The scene, as our fancy pictured it, seemed like the breaking of the day when old prophecies shall be fulfilled; kings become nursing fathers, and queens nursing mothers to the Church."

The *Aberdeen Free Press* also tells how she visited a farmer who had been seriously ill for nearly six months; and, lest her visit should have an exciting effect upon him, sent word the previous day that she wished to come to his bedside, and hoped he would not be annoyed, and how afterwards she sent inquiries of kind interest as to his health. The Queen sometimes goes from door to door of the cottages near Balmoral with a large roll of serviceable Scotch "linsey" in her arms, and the fabric grows shorter by a "pattern" as she departs from each lowly dwelling.

The Dahomean Slave-Girl.

In speaking of slavery, I cannot omit to mention the warm interest that our gracious Queen has evinced in a liberated Dahomean slave-girl. Some years since, Commander Forbes, of the Royal Navy, was sent to the savage ruler of that country for the purpose of trying to prevail on him to change his policy of government. The King was greatly impressed by the gentlemanly bearing of the gallant officer, and, as a token of his royal regard for him, made him a present of a young slave-girl. Commander Forbes brought her to England in his ship, the *Bonetta*, and had her baptized by the name of Bonetta Forbes. When the Queen heard the strange and eventful history of the girl,

she at once adopted her as a *protégée*, and had her educated at Melville Hospital, at her own expense. She always took a deep interest in Miss Bonetta's welfare, even going so far as to have her occasionally at Court. When afterwards the young girl married Mr. Davies, a coloured merchant, residing on the Gold Coast, the Queen took a most lively interest in the event, and made Miss Forbes several handsome wedding presents.

I lately saw by a newspaper that a further mark of favour was conferred on Mrs. Davies, who had given birth to a daughter, to whom the Queen has stood godmother by proxy. At the same time the Queen presented to her godchild a beautiful gold cup, with a salver, knife, fork, and spoon, of the same precious metal, as a baptismal present. The cup and salver bear the following inscription:—"To Victoria Davies, from her godmother, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, 1863." Does not this incident speak volumes for the goodness of our beloved Queen, who, amongst her multitudinous cares, can still remember an African girl?—*A Writer in Colburn's United Service Magazine.*

The Queen and the Highland Child.

One year, when the Court was at Balmoral, Her Majesty made a promise to Jenny —, the daughter of a humble Balmoral neighbour, and who was an especial favourite with Her Majesty: "I'll bring a pretty toy for you, when we come back next year."

The Court went, and the promise was thought little more of, at least on one side. Her Majesty that year visited the Emperor of the French, and many other things happened to drive the peasant child from the thoughts of the Sovereign of Great Britain. Well, next season came, and with it the Court returned to Balmoral. The Queen in

making her rounds soon called on her little *protégée*, and with a "Now I haven't forgotten you," exhibited the promised present.

While Queen Victoria was in the French capital, amid all the din and distraction of French state pageantry, she found time to think of her favourite, the little Highland girl on the banks of the Dee, and then and there selected and bought an article to please and gratify the little body. These are the links that bind the people to their Queen.

These links do make the Queen and people one.
A bond, more potent than of regal sway,
More true and lasting than the august display
Of state, unites us to Victoria's throne.

Some reign in calm, cold majesty, alone,
Like peaks of Himmaleh begirt with snow,
Like rocks sea-girt, where deepest waters flow ;
By loving deeds our Mother-Queen is known.

The cares of empire fallen on perilous days,
Affliction's hand, domestic ties of love
And kindred, crush not natural sympathy.
Thanks, Mother-Queen ! this gentle deed doth move
Affection's loyalty ; our hearts with thee
Rejoicing thou art pleased with childish ways.

THE REV. S. BARBER.

What "Loyalty" is.

"Never be ashamed, boys and girls, to be proud of your country ; never be ashamed that you love and honour your Queen. A long time ago, when I myself was a boy, I saw her Majesty coming out of a house where she had been to visit a sick person. I heard one workman say to another, 'I like the Queen, Bill. I like having somebody to look up to ;' and his companion replied, 'Yes ; and she is so good.' To have somebody to look up to, and feel that she was so good, is loyalty."—*Canon Teignmouth Shore.*

The Victorian Post.

“ ‘Rowland Hill published his pamphlet on “Postal Reform” in 1837.’ Thus, one may affirm that it was Queen Victoria who brought the Penny Post with her. In 1839 the charge for letters inside London was timidly lowered to a penny. In 1840 this boon was tentatively extended to the United Kingdom. By 1884 the penny stamp, in which the wiseacres of the old Post Office utterly disbelieved, had issued to the amazing tune of thirty-one billions three hundred millions! The number of letters posted yearly at the date of her Majesty’s accession was 80,000,000; the number to-day is rapidly approaching 2,000 millions! Nay, the exact latest statistics shall be furnished, for none are more remarkable :—

“In the forty-second report of the Postmaster-General on the Post Office it is stated that for the year ending March 31 the estimated number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom was 1,834,200,000, being an average for each person of 47, and an increase of 3·6 on the preceding year. There were 314,500,000 postcards delivered, 149,000,000 newspapers, and 60,527,438 parcels. There were 78,839,610 telegrams forwarded from telegraph offices in the United Kingdom during the year, an increase of 7,250,546 on last year’s number. In the Savings Bank Department the total amount received from depositors, including interest to December 31, 1895, was £445,005,805 4s. 8d., and the total amount repaid to depositors £347,136,830 9s. 3d. Imagine what this signifies in closer and more constant intercourse of home with home, heart with heart, mind with mind, locality with locality, friend with friend, parent with child, lover with sweetheart, customer with dealer. It is all Victorian! In 1836 a letter took ten hours to go from Charing Cross to Hampstead, and might cost one shilling and eightpence.”—*Sir E. Arnold.*



From a Photograph by]

[W. & D. DOWNEY.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Queen's Father.

The Duke of Kent used frequently to attend the May Meetings. One who was present at the Bible Society Meeting in 1814 writes:—"The Duke moved the first resolution. I think I never can forget his speech. He referred to the wish of his father, George III., that there might not be a cottager in the country without a Bible, or a child that could not read it. He added his own desire not only that children should read it, but trust its truths and obey its precepts." We cannot but recall the Queen's testimony to the African Chiefs:—"England has become great and happy by the knowledge of the true God and Jesus Christ."

The Prince of Wales: a Royal Lesson.

Shortly before the Prince Consort's death, he became possessed of a beautiful marble statuette of the boy-King, Edward VI., and had it stationed somewhat conspicuously at the top of one of the grand staircases, to present it to the Prince of Wales on his coming of age. In the hand of the Royal child is a sceptre, so placed as to point to the representation of a Bible, and at that passage indicated as follows, 2 Chron. xxxiv., verses 1 and 2. The words, exquisite in their simplicity, and written by the finger of God Himself, are these: "Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign, and he reigned in Jerusalem one and thirty years. And he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and walked in the ways of David his father, and declined neither to the right hand nor to the left."

"A Christmas Gift from Alexandra."

Crossing the hall of Marlborough House late one afternoon a few days before Christmas, her Royal Highness



From a Photograph by]

[W. & D. DOWNY.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

the Princess of Wales observed a young girl of singularly delicate and refined appearance waiting and also standing, though evidently fatigued and faint. The Princess kindly told her to sit down, asked her errand, and discovered that she had brought home some little garments which had been ordered for the children, and which the Princess, who is much interested in sewing machines, and understands their merits, had desired should be made for her.

Prepossessed by the modest, intelligent appearance and gentle manners of the girl, Her Royal Highness desired her to follow her to her room, which she did, without the remotest idea who the beautiful condescending lady was. After an examination of the articles, the Princess asked who it was that had executed the work. The girl modestly confessed that she herself had done most of it. The Princess said it was done very nicely, and finally drew from her the simple facts of her condition: how she had an invalid mother, whom she was obliged to leave all alone while she went to a shop to work; how the fashionable rage for machine sewing had suggested to her to become a finished operator, with the hope that at some future time she might own a machine herself, and be able to work at home, and earn something more than bread for her poor sick mother.

The Princess rang the bell, and ordered refreshments for an invalid to be packed, and brought to her; meanwhile she had asked the wondering girl where she lived, and taken down the address upon her tablets with her own hand. She then gave her the delicacies, which had been put into a neat little basket, and told her to take them to her mother.

On Christmas morning, into the clean apartment of the invalid mother and her astonished and delighted daughter was borne a handsome sewing machine, with a slip of paper on which were the words—"A Christmas Gift from Alexandra."

The Queen has outlived

1. All the members of the Privy Council who were alive in 1837.

2. All the Peers who held their titles in 1837, except the Earl of Darnley, who was ten, and Earl Nelson, who was fourteen in that year.

3. All the members who sat in the House of Commons on her accession to the Throne, except Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Charles Villiers, the present Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Mexborough and the Earl of Mansfield, and Mr. John Temple Leader.

4. Her Majesty has seen eleven Lord Chancellors, ten Prime Ministers, six speakers of the House of Commons, at least three Bishops of every See and five or six of many Sees, five Archbishops of Canterbury and six Archbishops of York.

Wages, Work, and Food in 1837.

What of wages, work, and food when Queen Victoria ascended the throne? The first, in many branches of industry, were no more than a half of what the men get now; the hours were longer, there were no Bank Holidays, there were no Saturday half-holidays. The children were unprotected; they were compelled to work all day long, sometimes all night long, in the mills and in the mines. It makes one's blood boil to read of the callous cruelty with which the children were treated. So long and so hard were they worked that the little things had no heart for anything when they got home but to lie down and sleep.

All food was dear, and in bad seasons very dear. In some parts of the country, the agricultural labourer got 7s. a week, with or without a cottage, and something extra at harvest time. What sort of living could be got for a family out of 7s. a week? Tea, such as we now buy for 2s., was

then sold for 4s. ; brown sugar, dark and sticky, was sold at 8d. a pound ; there were no cheap fruit shops ; only in the window, the shop front of the poor, lit in the evening by a single tallow candle, where were exposed cheap sweets and stale buns, one might observe a plate of oranges, or another with apples. As for cherries, they were sold in the street tied on sticks, twelve to the stick, at a penny a stick. But the poor children had no pennies. For them there was no fruit. For them, also, there was little education ; most of the working class could not read. The people knew nothing, absolutely nothing, of their country, or its colonies, or its resources, or its possibilities ; they had scarcely ever heard of emigration.

The Dinner Board in 1896.

Without being luxurious, the whole globe now helps to spread the workman's dinner board. Russia gives the hemp, or India or South Carolina the cotton, for the cloth laid upon it. Australian Downs send him frozen mutton or canned beef ; the prairies of America meal for his biscuit and pudding ; and, if he will eat fruit, the orchards of Tasmania and the palm-woods of the West Indies proffer uncostly and delicious gifts. His coffee comes from Brazil ; great clipper ships convey to him his tea from China or Assam, or from the green Cingalese Hills. The sugar which sweetens it was crushed from canes that waved by the Nile or the Orinoco ; and the plating of the spoon with which he stirs it was dug for him from Mexican mines. The currants in his dumpling are a tribute from Greece : his tinned salmon or kippered herring are a token from the seas and rivers of Canada or Norway. His rice ripened under the hot skies of Patna or Rangoon ; and his cocoa was plucked under the burning blue of the Equator.—*Sir E. Arnold.*

The Old Cairn.

The second entry in "Leaves from Life in the Highlands," is dated August, 1862, when an expedition was made to the "Old Cairn" on the anniversary of the Prince Consort's birthday. It gives a pleasant example of the delicate thoughtfulness which has endeared the rough Highland retainers to the Queen.

"We went to see the obelisk building to his dear memory. Bertie left us there, and we went round by the village, up Craig-Gowan in the little carriage on the heather, till we reached near to the old cairn of 1852. Grant said, 'I thought you would like to be here to-day on his birthday,' so entirely was he of opinion that this beloved day and even the 14th of December must not be looked upon as a day of mourning. That's not the light to look at it. There is so much true and strong faith in these good, simple people."

More pathetic still is the first extract of all, when the widowed wife had gone to inspect the progress of the building of the Prince's cairn:—

"The view was so fine, the day so bright, and the heather so beautifully pink—but no pleasure, no joy; all dead. And here at the top is the foundation of the cairn, forty feet wide, to be erected to my precious Albert, which will be seen all down the valley. I and my poor six orphans all placed stones on it: and our initials, as well as those of the three absent ones, are to be carved on stones all around it. I felt very shaky and nervous."

Dr. Norman Macleod.

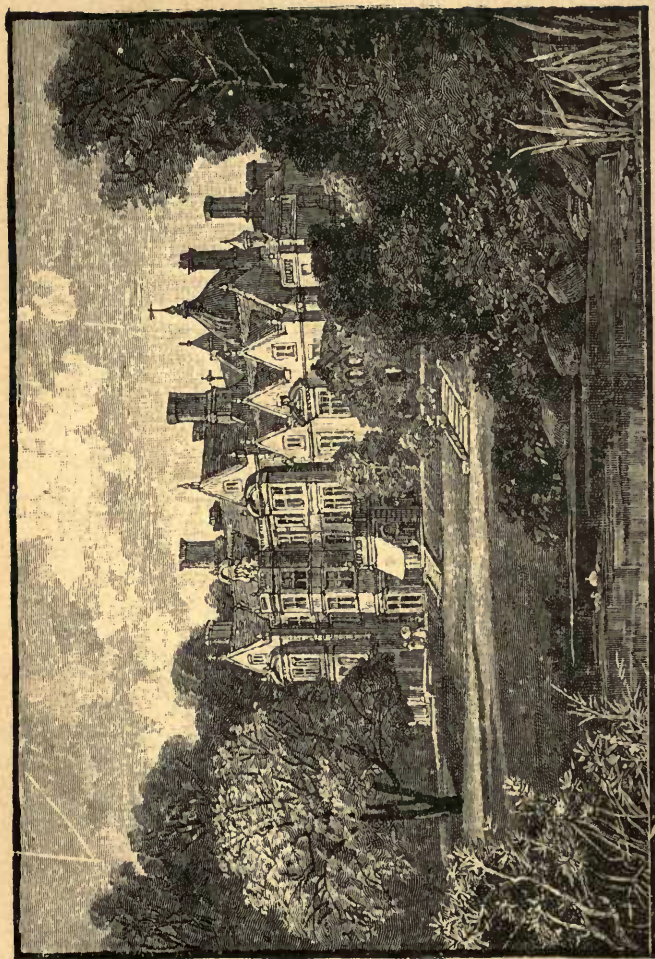
There were few of the friends she has lost whom the Queen missed so much or mourned so sincerely as the late Dr. Norman Macleod, her favourite Scotch chaplain. Grateful for the consolations he had given under her great bereavement, she pays an affectionate tribute to his memory

when she writes, in March, 1873 :—"I am anxious to put on record all my recollections of my dear and valued friend, Dr. Norman Macleod, who has been taken from us, and whose loss is more deeply felt every day. I have, therefore, made the following extracts from my Journal since the year 1861, when my heavy misfortune brought me into very close contact with him." She dwells especially upon sermons which had impressed her as being singularly adapted to her case. Perhaps she found even greater comfort in the quiet conversations in which he gave her encouragement and hope :—

"We talked of dear Albert's illness, his readiness to go hence at all times, with which Dr. Macleod was much struck, and said what a beautiful state of mind he must always have been in, how unselfish, how ready to do whatever was necessary ; and I exemplified this by describing his cheerfulness in giving up all he liked and enjoyed, and being just as cheerful when he changed to other circumstances, looking at the bright and interesting side of them ; like, for instance, going from here to Windsor and from Windsor to London, leaving his own dear home, etc., and yet being always cheerful, which was the reverse with me. He spoke of the blessing of living on with those who were gone on before. An old woman whom he knew, he said, had lost her husband and several of her children, and had many sorrows, and he asked her how she had been able to bear them, and she answered, 'Ah ! when *he* went awa' it made a great hole, and all the others went through it.' And so it is, most touchingly and truly expressed, and so it will ever be with me !"

At a later period, when Dr. Macleod was evidently failing in health, the Queen writes :—

"He dwelt, as always, on the love and goodness of God. . . . No one ever felt so convinced, and so anxious as he to convince others, that God was a loving Father, who



SANDRINGHAM HOUSE.

wished all to come to Him, and to preach of a living personal Saviour, One who loved us as a brother and a friend, to whom all could and should come with trust and confidence. No one ever raised and strengthened one's faith more than Dr. Macleod. His own faith was so strong, his heart so large, that all—high and low, weak and strong, the erring and the good—could alike find sympathy, help, and consolation from him.

“How I loved to talk to him, to ask his advice, to speak to him of my sorrow, my anxieties !

“But, alas ! how impossible I feel it to be to give any adequate idea of the character of this good and distinguished man ! So much depended on his personal charm of manner, so warm, genial, and hearty, overflowing with kindness and the love of human nature ; and so much depended on himself, on knowing and living with him, that no one who did not do so can truly portray him. And, indeed, how can any one, alas ! who has not known or seen a person, ever imagine from description what he is really like ?

“He had the greatest admiration for the beauties of nature, and was most enthusiastic about the beautiful wild scenery of his dear country, which he loved intensely and passionately. When I said to him, on his last visit, that I was going to take some mineral waters when I went south, he pointed to the lovely view from the windows, looking up the glen of the Dee, and said : ‘The fine air in these hills, and the quiet here, will do your Majesty much more good than all the waters.’”

When Dr. Macleod left, after his last visit to the Castle, the Queen parted from him with sad forebodings. “Saw and wished dear Dr. Macleod good-bye with real regret and anxiety. Towards the end of dinner yesterday he cheered up, having hardly talked at all during the course of it. I said I feared India had done him harm. He admitted it,

but said, 'I don't regret it.' I expressed an earnest hope that he would be very careful of himself, and that on his return at the end of October he would take Balmoral on his way. When I wished him good-bye, and shook hands with him, he said, 'God bless your Majesty,' and the tears were in his eyes. Only then did the thought suddenly flash upon me, as I closed the door of my room, that I might never see this dear friend again, and it nearly overcame me. But this thought passed, and never did I think that not quite three weeks after his spirit would be with the God and Saviour he loved and served so well."

The Queen and the Bible.

Every one has long been familiar with the reported reply or message of the Queen to an African Chief—"The Bible is the secret of England's greatness." We remember seeing the subject illustrated in the *British Workman* years ago, and it has been circulated in many publications. As is so frequently the case, it appears that the anecdote has been "improved upon" in the telling; and Sir Henry Ponsonby recently, in reply to a correspondent, stated that we must not regard it as correct.

Sir Henry, however, did not enter into any detail; and, from what we have since heard, it is clear that the *substance* of the incident may be relied upon, although the Queen never actually used the literal words as given.

The Rev. Dr. Hillier, of Exeter, in a most interesting communication, records the following recollections:—

"The late Rev. Henry Townsend, of Exeter, was a missionary in Africa in 1849, and when he returned to England the Prince Sagbua, with other chiefs, sent by him a present of cloth and a letter to the Queen of England. The late Earl of Chichester, President of the Church Missionary Society, presented the letter to the

Queen, and was authorized by Her Majesty to write the following answer :—

““ I have had the honour of presenting to the Queen the letter of Sagbua and other chiefs of Abbeokuta, and also their present of a piece of cloth.

““ The Queen has commanded me to convey her thanks to Sagbua and the chiefs, and her best wishes for the peace and prosperity of the Youriba nation.

““ The commerce between nations, in exchanging the fruits of the earth and of each other's industry, is blessed by God. Not so the commerce in slaves, which makes poor and miserable the nation which sells them, and brings neither wealth nor the blessing of God to the nation which buys them, but the contrary. The Queen and the people of England are very glad to know that Sagbua and the chiefs think as they do upon this subject of commerce.

““ But commerce alone will not make a nation great and happy, like England. *England has become great and happy by the knowledge of the true God and Jesus Christ.*

““ The Queen is, therefore, very glad to hear that Sagbua and the Chiefs have so kindly received the Missionaries, who carry with them the Word of God, and that so many of the people are willing to hear it.

““ In order to show how much the Queen values God's Word, she sends with this, as a present to Sagbua, *a copy of this Word* in two languages—one the Arabic, the other the English.

““ The Church Missionary Society wish all happiness, and the blessing of eternal life, to Sagbua and all the people of Abbeokuta. They are very thankful to the Chiefs for the kindness and protection afforded to their Missionaries, and they will not cease to pray for the spread of God's truth, and all other blessings, in Abbeokuta and throughout Africa, for the sake of our only Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

(Signed)

CHICHESTER ”

This letter appears in the *C. M. Intelligencer* of 1849, and it will be seen that the substance of the laconic sentence is fully conveyed in the Royal message. Sir Henry Ponsonby's attention has been called to the letter, and he says, "It no doubt explains the origin of the story."

In any case we are quite sure the Queen would heartily endorse the testimony that "the Bible is the secret of England's greatness." It is simply a truism, which all experience confirms, and Her Majesty has always acted in accordance with it. At the age of eleven, we are told, she displayed "a remarkable knowledge and understanding of the Bible." On the evening of the day of King William IV.'s funeral the child of an aged pensioner received from the young Queen the gift of "the Psalms of David," with a marker worked by herself, the dove, the emblem of peace, in the centre, pointing to Psalm li. As the Royal children grew up, "the reading the Scriptures for the day" was the first step in their educational training. The Queen, at the dying pillow in the cottage home, both at Balmoral and in the Isle of Wight, reading the Word of God to the sufferer, has told the same lesson. The Queen reveres the Bible as the "secret" of individual as well as national prosperity.—*The News*.

A Royal Present.

In 1864, Her Majesty presented to her Royal grandson, Prince Victor (son of the Prince and Princess of Wales), whose death caused such deep sorrow, a most splendid baptismal gift. It consisted of a silver statuette of the Prince Consort. He is represented as Christian, in the "Pilgrim's Progress," and around the plinth on which the figure stands is the verse from Timothy, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course,



From a Photograph by]

[LAFAYETTE, Dublin.

THE LATE PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR CHRISTIAN EDWARD.

"Whom I loved as a son, and whose devotion to me was as great as that of a son."—VICTORIA R.I.

I have kept the faith." Behind the figure, and resting upon the stump of an oak, is the helmet of Christian. The shield of the Prince rests against the stem, and near the trees are the white lilies of purity, which are usually introduced into the pictures of the pilgrim. Immediately beneath the plinth, and in front of the entablature of the pedestal, is the inscription: "Given to Albert Victor Christian Edward, on the occasion of his Baptism, by Victoria R., his grandmother and godmother, in memory of Albert, his beloved grandfather." In the first and second panels, and over the Royal arms, and over the Queen and Prince Consort's arms, are appropriate verses. On a third panel, and over the arms of the Prince and Princess of Wales, is the verse—

"Walk, as he walked, in faith and righteousness;
Strive, as he strove, the weak and poor to aid:
Seek not thyself but other men to bless;
So win, like him, a wreath that will not fade."

The verses were by Mrs. Prothero, the wife of the late Rector of Whippingham. Beneath the front panel, over the figures 1864, are inscribed, in large-sized letters, the Prince's names, "Albert Victor Christian Edward," and in an oblong panel, "Born January the 8th, baptized March 10th." Looking to the front of the work, a figure of Hope stands at the right side, one of Faith on the left, and behind, or in the third niche, is a group of Charity, each of oxidised silver. At the side of each figure and the group there are lilies in enamel. Upon the frieze over the figure of Faith are the words, "Walk as he walked, in—Faith," the last word being inscribed beneath the figure.

In the same manner, in connection with the figure of Hope, are the words, "Strive as he strove, in—Hope"; and over the group of Charity, also in enamel, are the words, "Think as he thought, in—Charity." Over Faith there is



From the Photograph by W. & D. DOWNEY.]

[Drawn by T. D. SCOTT.]

**THE LATE PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR EDWARD OF WALES,
(AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN.)**

a lily of purity, over Hope the water-lily, having appropriate reference to the baptism of the young Prince, and over the group of Charity, and resting upon the top of the niche, there is the lily of the valley.

The inscriptions were written by the Queen herself.

The Prince's Early Death.

In connection with the Prince's early death, so pathetic in its circumstances, a touching incident told to Canon Fleming by the Princess of Wales, and published by her permission, will go home to every parent's heart.

"In 1888 all my five children received the Holy Communion with me, and I gave Eddy a little book, and wrote in it—

‘Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling :’

“And also—

‘Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
O Lamb of God, I come.’

“When he was gone, and lay like one sleeping,” the Princess adds, “I turned to the table at his bedside and saw the little book in which were written those words : and I could not help feeling that he did cling to the Cross, and that it had all come true.”

We cannot be too thankful when we thus find in Royal homes so clear and full a recognition of the *doctrine of the Cross*—the great Atonement for Sin—the shedding of that “Blood” which alone can “cleanse from sin.” The Prince Consort, it will be remembered, found comfort in “Rock of Ages” ; but we know of no instance in history in which Royal testimony to the preciousness of “the Old Gospel ever New” has found such complete and happy expression as in the present case. The lines copied in the little book

by the Princess of Wales might well be inscribed on every pulpit in the land,—a sign and token of the simple Gospel preached by those who “watch for souls”—“Jesus Christ and Him Crucified.”

The Prince's Autograph.

We are enabled to give a Portrait of Prince Albert Victor taken at the age of eleven years, from a photograph by the Queen's photographers, Messrs. W. & D. Downey. It appeared in *Hand and Heart* for 1875, and the Prince kindly wrote his autograph signature to accompany it.

Albert-Victor.
1875



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

*Engraved by special permission from the Photograph by Messrs. HUGHES & MULLINS, Ryde
Photographers to the Queen.*

CHAPTER XII.

THE VICTORIAN ERA.

The Extension of Great Britain.—Her Responsibility.—Scientific and Political Advance.—The Growth of Christianity.



THE last sixty years have seen greater changes than the previous five hundred. Our imagination can with difficulty picture the advance of the affairs of our own empire, and were we to add America, more than half the field of the world's inventions could be claimed for the English-speaking race. Our responsibilities as a kingdom controlling, to a large extent, the well-being of vast colonies, have increased year by year. In 1837 Great Britain governed outside these islands 1,100,000 square miles. In 1897 nearly nine times that territory owns the Queen's sway. Our revenues, trade, and shipping have made corresponding progress.

When Her Majesty ascended the throne railway travelling was a novelty: to-day we are on the verge of a revolution in the world of wheels. It is hoped that auto-cars may improve the condition of our farmers, facilitate the cheap carriage of all goods both in town and country, and possibly lighten the labours of overworked horses which so long have served us faithfully, and not seldom painfully, in public conveyances. But we must not pass over the extension on the rail. We may now travel fifty miles an hour at a penny a mile, and send a letter from one end of the country to the other for a penny, while our books

and newspapers may be carried for the same price to China as we pay when we despatch them into the next county.

Sixty years ago, it has been truly said, science was yet in its infancy. Electricity was not much more than an amusing puzzle of physics. In 1837 Wheatstone constructed the first telegraph, and now all lands and seas have been covered with the delicate network of the modern Ariel, and time and distance have been almost annihilated for the service of a world, which tends more and more to become one country. The electric lamp, the telephone, and the microphone have been later offshoots of those first subtle discoveries. Light has been pressed into the use of man, and is now his portrait and landscape painter; spectrum analysis has given us a new chemistry, and revealed at least five fresh metals, besides extending enormously our astronomical knowledge. And perhaps most interesting of all discoveries in the region of light, the property of the Röntgen Rays to pass through what we have hitherto regarded as opaque substances, has opened up a new field for the study of scientists both at home and abroad.

Progress in the comforts of domestic life, and the general standard of living, has also been a marked characteristic of the last sixty years. So late as 1881 there were in Scotland 7,000 dwellings consisting of one room without a window: the number of these hovels has fallen to less than 400. The luxuries of life are now to a great extent the common portion of the wealthy and the industrial classes also, who really practise thrift. Education, too, mainly aided by the use of the Press, has become the vantage ground of all. In 1837 we spent only £35,000 a year on education; we now spend many millions.

"There is no doubt," wrote Miss Yonge, the veteran authoress, the other day, "that life is much easier in any tolerably prosperous village than it used to be. Railway, brickmaking, and agricultural machine work are well paid,

and as a rule the labourer's wages do not fall below 12s. a week, though there is the drawback that wet days remain unpaid; but in most cases there is enough of thrift to provide for these, and the presence of the wife at home leads to better meals and better care of the children and of the family wardrobe. Some persons grumble at what they consider needless and expensive refinements in cottages and in dress; but it should be remembered that saving is not the main object of life, and that the pleasantness of home is, to English folk at least, a great preservative from temptation. Still, the broadcloth-wearing, newspaper-reading working-man of the present day is a very different personage, outwardly at least, from his smockfrock-clad grandfather.

"A book of 1833 shows curiously enough the changes. It has a remarkable account of the Bristol riots, when even the clergy of the villages around with their families were in danger, and it goes on to some veritable accounts of the people, one in especial where the widow could barely obtain a black bonnet to wear at her husband's funeral, whereas now regular mourning is worn by whole families, even of cousins, without more than a reasonable effort. Yet this is not want of thrift or love of display, but that poverty has ceased, in agricultural parishes at least, to be so grinding, and the sense of respect to the dead and living has increased."

Political changes are almost impossible to chronicle. When the Queen came to the throne the first Reform Bill was only five years old. It was thirty years before the borough householder was enfranchised, and the complete enfranchisement of the county householder is now an accomplished fact. The Corn Laws have been abolished, Free Trade has been established, our financial system reorganized, and, greatest and most beneficial change of all, education has been made universal. The Church of

England also has during the present reign manifested a practical activity and a revival of spiritual influence which have given it a commanding position even in an age when unbelief has taken a militant form in almost every country but our own.

Religiously an estimate of England's progress is not easily formed. Immense progress there has been, but how far it has been progress co-extensive with the existing and *increasing* need is a very serious question. We might thankfully dwell upon facts and figures which, contrasted with past years of sleepy indifference, indicate the present life and vigour of Christianity. There are now nearly 800 institutions in London, either for spiritual or philanthropic work, the approximate annual income of which exceeds five million pounds. Bible and Missionary Societies, for distinctly religious objects, expend about three millions of this sum. Throughout the country similar statistics might be given. But, as in London, Bishop Temple tells us, eight new churches are needed every year to keep up with the mere increase of population, and only two are supplied, so the growth of population in our large towns, in spite of what is done, really, we fear, marks an equal retrogression instead of progress.

Let what has been done, and what is being done, only show us what *might* be done. There is nothing Utopian in the wide extension of Christian effort. We have only to regard it as "Our Father's business," and be as fervent in *His* business as we are in our own, and the marvel will soon be not how much we have done, but how little.



CHAPTER XIII.

OUR GOOD QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

Jubilee.—Thanksgiving Service at Westminster Abbey.—The Country's Rejoicings.—The People's Palace.—Children's Fête in Hyde Park.—Beacon Fires.—Women's Jubilee Present.

“A little island in the Northern Sea
Cries to her utmost shores, ‘Rejoice with me!’”

—*Clara Thwaites.*



THE Queen's Jubilee gathered into a focus the enthusiasm of her subjects. It was “a glorious and touching sight,” unique as a testimony to the moral sovereignty and home influence which the Queen has ever exercised. Every one felt she had striven to be good; and that had been to England more than genius and more than statesmanship. In her marriage and in her motherhood she had set an example, in things which are more precious than wealth and more powerful than victories.

In the eloquent heart-reaching words of the Bishop of Derry, in response to the question, “What was the grandest thing in all our Jubilee?” the reply must be:—“Not the canopy of light over London from the illuminations. Not the beacon fires on hundreds of hills. Not the company of kings. Not the children of England gathered from far lands—the eaglets coming back to the nest in the day of sunshine, who, if the clouds of danger were gathering, would come in their strength upon the wings of every storm. The grandest thing was just this. ‘The hearth,’ says an Indian proverb, ‘is not a stone, but a woman.’ *We have a great Home, and its hearth is a Royal woman.*”

The story of the Jubilee might fitly claim a volume. It is one of the historic days of the English race. Ten more



A TRUE LOYALIST.

"Little children grow to men :
Loyal now is loyal then."

REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY.

years have since sped their way, and loyal affection has been ever deepening ; but we see not how even the coming celebration of the sixtieth year of Victoria's reign can ex-

ceed the absorbing interest of that wonderful Jubilee—"the most splendid spectacle of the century."

Never were cheers more universal as the procession passed through the crowded throngs. The Queen entered the Abbey amid the blare of trumpets—fit accompaniment of a Jubilee, seeing that the Hebrew word Jubel, from which the anniversary takes its name, signifies the sound of a trumpet. Her Majesty occupied a raised dais. "Loud then," says a spectator of the scene, "to the accompaniment of organ and the trumpet and drum, broke forth three hundred voices, chanting, 'We praise Thee, O God': and not the assembled thousands alone, but the edifice itself, the walls, the roof, the arches, the very light that streamed through the coloured windows, seemed to join in singing that sonorous *Te Deum*, that hymn of thanksgiving and praise for the fifty years of prosperity and happiness covered by the golden reign of Victoria the Good."

"Again within these walls !

A long, long tract of speaking years between
The day I knelt, to rise a crownèd Queen,
Vowed thenceforth to be all my people's own :
And this, when, with an empire wider grown,
Again I kneel before high Heaven to lay
My thanks for all which, since that earlier day,
Has blessed my goings and upheld my throne.
God ! in this hour I think of him who made
My young life sweet, who lightened every care,
In sorest straits my judgment rightly swayed,
Lived, thought for me, all times and everywhere ;
For him I thank Thee chief, who by his aid
Nerved me the burden of a crown to bear !"

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

At night there was "a whole cityful" of devices in light and colour. The view of Illuminated London from the Golden Gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.



THE JUBILEE: "WAITING FOR THE QUEEN."

(From a Photograph.)

“Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty ;
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the night.”

The lighting of the beacon fires was a great success, beginning with the signal rockets and lighting of the Worcestershire Beacon at Great Malvern. The newspaper correspondents informed us that the ceremony of lighting this beacon fire was preceded, according to precedent, by a little allegorical prelude. At nine o'clock a procession was



A Display of Bunting:



Candle Illuminations.

formed on the terrace at the eastern base of the hill, and a number of the principal inhabitants, bearing torches, wound their devious way up the height to a plateau known as St. Ann's Well. Here they halted, and the National Anthem was sung by thousands of voices: on which a venerable "hermit of the hill" emerged from the hill fastness and inquired the cause of this disturbance of his repose. After a reply by a youthful "fairy of the spring" the intruders proceeded on their way, the procession dividing at this point, one portion turning towards the north and ascending to the top of the North Hill, where the rockets

were to be fired, and the other proceeding as direct as circumstances permitted up the Worcestershire Beacon, to light the beacon fire. Here the party were augmented by many thousands of persons, who had gathered from all parts, and who assembled round the beacon pile. Directly the Abbey clock struck ten, the first flight of rockets was sent up from the North Hill, and simultaneously a torch was applied to the top of the neap of inflammable materials on the Worcestershire Beacon, which was quickly ablaze.

The night was clear and cloudless, but the atmosphere was heavy, and there was a north-east wind blowing. All round the country, from every point of vantage, people were on the look-out, and in a very short time fires were visible from many surrounding eminences in Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, and Herefordshire. Worcester Cathedral, which, with the surrounding city, was clearly visible from Malvern, was illuminated by a brilliant exhibition of electric lights; and the city itself, being profusely illuminated, seemed enveloped in a blaze of fire. To the surrounding country the beacon fire from Malvern speedily glowed forth, and in a few minutes presented a brilliant light. In the short interval fires had broken out and rockets had been fired north and south, at Martley, Woodbury, Bredon Broadway, and Bredon Hills, while numerous other lights sprang up on other and more distant hills along the Severn Vale.

It would be hopeless to endeavour to record the thousand incidents and features of the Jubilee celebration throughout the country, and indeed throughout the world.

“ A little Island in the Northern Sea
Cries to her utmost shores, ‘ Rejoice with me !
O sons, brave sons, so stalwart, true, and free,
O daughters fair—a Woman’s jubilee,
A Sovereign’s glad, imperial decree
Calls with a clarion tongue, ‘ Rejoice with me !’



LIGHTING THE SIGNAL BEACON AT MALVERN.

Hill answered to hill until at last all the uplands of Great Britain were alight, from the tiny summits of Scilly in the West to the Isle of Thanet in the East, from the Isle of Wight in the South to Campril Fells in Lincolnshire. Mariners who approached our coasts say that the light of the fires on cape and headland was most impressive. Over all happily the atmosphere wore the softened mask of the most glorious of summer evenings.

The mighty beat of England's generous heart
To furthest shores in proudest thrill pulsates ;
At every call her myriad peoples start
To heed her bidding at their thousand gates."

Clara Thwaites.

The opening of the People's Palace in East London fittingly inaugurated the Jubilee. The Queen's welcome was magnificent—it was a thorough British greeting. The very poorest had brightened up their houses. Her Majesty's face lighted up as she came to the front of one of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Amongst other ornamental mottoes were these: "Your Majesty is. Welcome as Flowers in May." "Was there ever such a May-time? Was there ever such a Queen?" "She is—but words cannot say all that she is! Think what a Perfect Queen should be, and she is all that!" An aspiring bootmaker expressed the ardent hope: "May the *Sole Aim* of the Upper Ten be to Benefit the People." A leather factor adopted the device: "Loyal to our Queen, we will Stick to the Last." Another motto read: "Poor in District, your Presence makes us Rich in Affection." Most suitably and touchingly the opening of the Palace was followed by "Home, Sweet Home," and part of the "Old Hundredth."

The Children's Fête in Hyde Park was a truly Royal scene. Thirty thousand little ones were gathered together. Some 62,000 buns, 30,000 meat pies, and 30,000 oranges were distributed, with "temperance beverages." Then followed games and prizes—1,000 skipping ropes, 10,000 gas balloons, and 42,000 toys. The Queen and all the Royalties came on the scene, and aided in the distribution of the Jubilee mug to each of the children. "God Save the Queen," sung by thirty thousand voices, will not easily pass from the memory of those who heard it. It was a wonderful day of sunshine and delight in Hyde Park.

One other incident of the Jubilee we must mention—the



EEACON FIRE ON SNOWDON, FROM NEAR CAPEL CURIG.

*Women's Jubilee Present.** This was a noble tribute of loyal affection which the Queen deeply valued, and consecrated to the highest purpose. A small portion of the amount raised was expended on a statue of the late Prince Consort in Windsor Park: but the remainder—more than £70,000—was devoted by the Queen to the support of nurses for sick women and young girls. There were in all about three million subscribers, 1,600,414 in England contributing on the average $7\frac{1}{4}d.$ per head; 346,217 in Scotland, at $5\frac{3}{4}d.$ per head; 149,346 in Ireland at $5\frac{3}{4}d.$; and 128,438 in Wales at $4\frac{3}{4}d.$ Other parts of the Empire also contributed, 26,174 in Burmah sending 9,134 rupees.

The decision of Her Majesty approved itself to all her subjects. The choice made was a most happy one. An offering from women in commemoration and grateful recognition of the long reign and personal virtues of one of their own sex could hardly be turned to more appropriate use. The purpose of the donors was to make a gift to Her Majesty herself. It was a tribute of loyal affection, shackled with no conditions, expressed or implied. Its employment for an object of benevolence must be understood, therefore, as Her Majesty's own act, and as proceeding entirely from her own personal wish. As the fund was contributed by women, the Queen desired that the benefit from it should be theirs also. The poor and helpless and sick and suffering of the sex have cause to bless the memory of the Queen's Jubilee year, and the Royal bounty which made it the occasion of providing help for them at the time of their sorest need.

Miss Emily Faithfull, bearing testimony to the loyalty of "the poorest" in their ready response to the Jubilee Fund raised by the women of England, writes:—

* "*The Royal Year*" is believed to be the only book giving a full account, with many illustrations, of the Jubilee Year. (London: *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Sq., E.C.) Richly bound, 1s. 6d.



HOME FROM THE PARK—THE JUBILEE MUG.

“As one who has taken an active part in the movement for enabling the women of England to express their respectful affection for the Queen, both as woman and sovereign, allow me to say that the enthusiasm of the poorest and their anxiety to contribute their mite has been a very touching feature of the work. I could multiply instances, but will only crave leave to record two brought before us at our last meeting in the Manchester Town Hall.

“An old woman, so poor and infirm she is thankful for the crumbs which fall from rich men’s tables, reproached the lady collecting in her district for not calling, and on hearing the reason why, replied, ‘Oh, mum, I’d go without food for a day rather than miss giving the Queen something.’ A letter was received which ran thus:—‘No one has called at the above address, and my wife and daughter have become afraid that their loyalty is not to have an opportunity of showing itself. We do not live in the aristocratic part of the town, nor yet in the slums; but we do live in a house where the Queen of England is beloved and honoured as the mother of her people.’”

Victoria! Name that a nation
Has written in letters of gold,
Look down from the height of thy station—
The wealth thou hast garnered, behold!
It is rarer than jewels or treasure,
It is pure as the starlight above,
It is richer than gold without measure,
The hearts of a people who love!

CLEMENT SCOTT.



CHAPTER XIV.

NATIONAL HYMNS AND LOYAL SONGS

FOR CELEBRATIONS IN "QUEEN'S YEAR" *

I.

"THE CHILDREN'S VOICES."

BY THE REV. CANON TEIGNMOUTH SHORE, M.A.

[Sung at a service for the young folk held in Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, on the Sunday before Jubilee Day. Ten of the Queen's Grandchildren were present.]

AS we hear the summer breeze
Sweep across the fresh-bloomed trees,
Murmuring with a soft delight
'Mid the young leaves waving bright;

So, as through this nation move
Heartfelt sympathy and love,
Let the children's voices sweet
Join this happy time to greet.

To the King of kings we raise
Songs of thankfulness and praise,
For the blessings He has shed
On our gracious Sovereign's head.

By His loving grace and power
God has kept her to this hour,
'Mid her royal pomp and state,
Trustful, tender, truly great.

* These Hymns and Loyal Songs, under the title of "*A Royal Service*," can be had in a cheap form for use in churches, and at other celebrations; during "Queen's Year." A sketch of the Queen's reign, as a sermon or lecture, announced on the previous Sunday, would deepen and strengthen the best feelings of loyalty in all, and prove "an inspiration to the young." A specimen copy sent to any address. (London: *Home Words Office*, 7, Paternoster Square, E. C.)

All her people's joys her own,
 All their sorrows reach her throne;
 So this gladsome day rejoice,
 Every heart and every voice.

Bless, good Lord, through years to come
 Our loved Sovereign and her home;
 Keep her in Thy love and fear,
 Bless her children's children dear.

And at last when life is done,
 When there dawns the Eternal Sun,
 Which, beyond the sea's far brink,
 Nevermore in night shall sink;

Then, we pray, in Thy great love,
 Welcome her to heaven above;
 Grant her from Thy throne on high
 Crown of immortality.

II.

GOD OF OUR FATHERLAND.

BY THE RIGHT REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, D.D., LORD BISHOP
 OF EXETER.

GOD of our Fatherland,
 Stretch forth Thy glorious Hand
 And shield our isle!
 Beautiful, brave, and free,
 As her own guardian sea,
 May she for ever be
 Under Thy smile!

God of our royal kings,
 Spread Thou Thy sheltering wings
 Over our throne!
 Blest in her people's love,
 Thrice blessed from above,
 Safe as a cherish'd dove,
 God keep His own!

Still be Thy Gospel's light,
 Shining by day and night,
 Buckler and sword:
 And where our fathers prayed,
 None making them afraid,
 Vouchsafe Thy mighty aid:
 Help us, O Lord!

Great Father of us all,
On Thee Thy children call,
Save and defend !
May we be one in Thee,
Knit as one family,
One for eternity,
World without end !

III.

"AMID THE FOREST ECHOES."

A Song of Loyalty for our Colonies.

BY CLARA THWAITES, Author of "The Lady of the Isles," Etc.

AMID the forest echoes,
As far from city throngs,
We cherish English blossoms,
And sing our English songs.

The faith of our forefathers
We bear across the sea,
And chant among the prairies
Our grand old liturgy.

And when on dear old England
Fond memory sadly dwells,
Across the wolds come floating
The sound of Sabbath bells.

In fairer lands and ampler,
Through days of toil serene,
We serve with loyal service
Our country and our Queen.

IV.

"O GOD, THE KING OF NATIONS!"

(Tune : *Aurelia*.)

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND W. PAKENHAM WALSH, D.D.,
LORD BISHOP OF OSSORY.

O GOD, the King of nations,
On whose support we lean ;
Hear Thou our supplications—
"God save our gracious Queen."
Thy Word her sure reliance,
Thy strength her safety be ;
O Lord, her sole affiancé
Be evermore in Thee.

Grant her Thy strong protection
 In every hour of need,
 And seeking Thy direction
 In thought, in word, in deed,
 May she exalt the nation
 Committed to her charge,
 And speed Thy great salvation
 Throughout the world at large.

Give *her* the heart right royal,
 Inclined to keep Thy way,
 Give *us* the spirit loyal
 To serve her and obey—
 “*In* Thee, and *for* Thee,” knowing
 “Whose minister she is,”
 Our firm allegiance showing
 We own her rule as His.

Her life has had its sadness,
 Its noon of darkening grief;
 Lord, let its evening gladness
 Bring sunshine and relief—
 Her children's love possessing
 Her people's grateful praise,
 And all Thy choicest blessings
 To cheer her closing days.

V.

THANKSGIVING AND PRAYER.

BY THE REV. CANON BELL, D.D., FORMERLY RECTOR OF
 CHELTENHAM.

WE thank Thee, in this Year of Grace,
 Victoria wears a Crown,
 Which, since it shadowed her young face,
 Has caught a fresh renown.
 As Queen we honour her as good;
 The Woman has our love:
 And well we know that Womanhood
 Is Queenhood far above.

Preserve the Queen, her pathway strew
 With blessings, gracious Lord,
 As countless as the drops of dew
 That gem the glittering sword.
 Protect her with Thy sheltering care,
 And shield her from all harm;
 And may she long the Sceptre bear
 Safe 'neath Thy Mighty Arm.

VI.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.

Editor of *Home Words*.

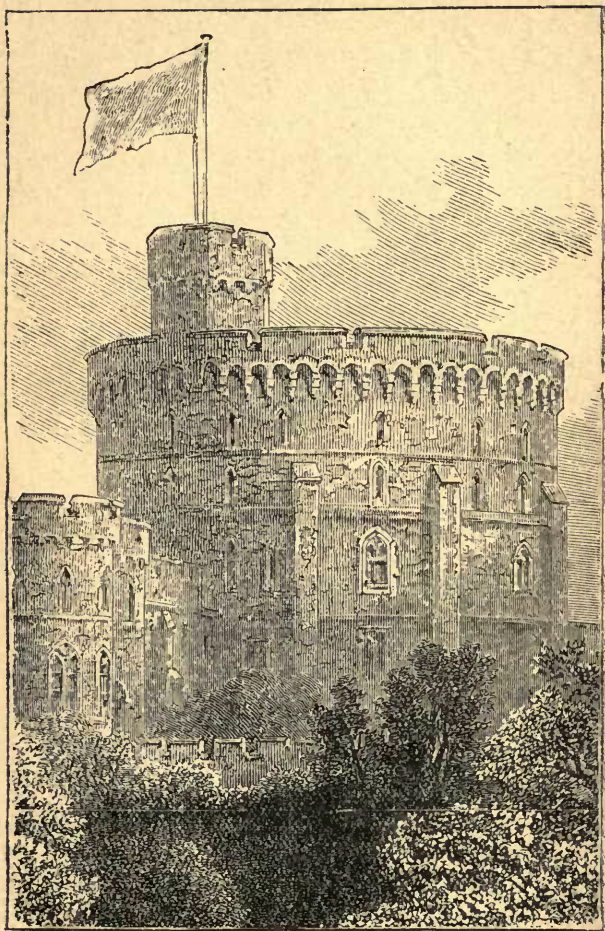
GOD save our gracious Queen !
Long live our noble Queen !
God save the Queen !
Light on her path descend :
Joy and hope sweetly blend :
Choicest gifts to her send :
God save the Queen !

God bless our native land ;
Her strength and glory stand
Ever in Thee !
Her faith and laws be pure ;
Her throne and hearts secure ;
And let her name endure—
Home of the free.

God smile upon our land,
And countless as the sand
Her blessings be !
Arise, O Lord Most High !
And call her children nigh,
Till voice and heart reply—
Glory to Thee !

God save our native land !
Thy sovereign word command
Her light to shine :
Till earth is lighted all,
And nations prostrate fall,
On Jesus' Name to call,
And praise be Thine !





THE GREAT TOWER, WINDSOR CASTLE.

CHAPTER XV.

ANOTHER ROYAL HOME.

The Duchess of York.—“Our Princess May.”—Prince Edward of York.—Presentation to the People at St. James’s Palace.—The Prince’s Salutation.—A Teacher to us all.—“A Touch of Nature.”—The Secret of Power.



IT will pleasantly link the present with the past if in closing our chronicle of our good Queen’s Royal Reign we give portraits of the Duke and Duchess of York (whom we shall never forget as “Our Princess May”) and also a portrait of their eldest son, one of the Queen’s “Great Grandchildren,” on whom may rest, in years to come—may they be very far distant—the weight of England’s crown.

Her Majesty has indeed become “the Mother of Kings.” All her sons and daughters and several of her grandchildren have married; and all have shared alike a nation’s prayer for love and happiness in wedded life. To chronicle the story of each “happy wedding” would require many pages: but the Royal event which the memory of the new generation will most frequently recall in future years will be “The Wedding of Prince George and the Princess May.”*

“Princess May” won all our hearts before her marriage.

* See “*Wedding Bells, and Royal Weddings*,” by the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. Tenth Thousand. Rich cloth gilt, 1s. 6d. Cheap Edition, 8d. (London: *Home Words* Office.)



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PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY OF TECK, DUCHESS OF YORK.



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H.R.H, PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES, K.G., DUKE OF YORK.

She always loved to be at work, and one who knew her well said of her, "It is in her own home and the surroundings of her quiet, useful life that you see her at her best."

The new Home life is opening out before her now, and we can express no higher wish than that in the love of husband and children she may find increasingly the home happiness which we all may seek and find by "our own fireside."

Of Prince Edward of York, we have only one incident to record. It is a pretty little story, and will form an interesting item in future reminiscences. At the wedding of Prince Charles of Denmark and Princess Maud of Wales, a number of spectators had gathered about St. James's Palace to see the return of the bride and bridegroom to Marlborough House. Just as the carriage passed, and the people were beginning to disperse, a French casement on the first floor of the Palace was opened, and the tiny little Prince Edward of York, looking "very bonnie," in a pretty little white frock, appeared with his nurse. For a time the crowd were at a loss as to who the fair, curly-headed little stranger could be; but they soon found out, and sent up an approving cheer, to which the little Prince responded with a quaintly profound bow. The salutation elicited an enthusiastic response, which gratified the little fellow immensely, for he commenced blowing kisses to those below most energetically. This went on for some little time, to the amusement and delight of the crowd, and it was only on the nurse exercising a little gentle coercion that his youthful Royal Highness retired into the background. Even then he only did so to return again in response to the cheers of a rapidly-thickening gathering to make another elaborate bow before finally retiring.

"A touch of nature makes us all akin." The little Prince is a teacher to us all. Those "kisses" were the token of a kindly heart, the secret of power and influence



PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.

From a Photograph by W. & D. DOWNEY, the Queen's Photographers. By Special Permission.

everywhere. The Queen has never forgotten this "secret": and so, in the words of our poet Archbishop, Dr. Alexander, "We have," as a nation, "a great Home, and its hearth is a Royal Woman."

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN! LONG LIVE THE QUEEN!"



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